The Affluent Professors
June 23, 1960 25¢

BUBUD'S DEFENSE POLICY

THE REPORTER

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Renaissance in Puerto Rico —as seen by a girl of fifteen

THE HIGH SCHOOL GIRL in the foreground of our photograph is fifteen. When she was born, Puerto Rico was a "stricken land."

We wish you could be here to talk to this Puerto Rican girl today.

She might start by telling you about everyday things. The good food her mother buys in the new supermarket. The new house her family lives in. Her father's job in one of Puerto Rico's new factories.

Then, as she warmed up, she would probably have something to say about her lessons and her teachers. How they teach her two languages—Spanish *and* English. How they take her to museums and art exhibitions and concerts.

And she would surely want to tell you about the interesting television programs that she and her classmates watch on Channel Six, an admirable new station in San Juan. Channel Six is an *educational* station. And it broadcasts to a larger area than any other educational television station in the Western Hemisphere.

Education is one of the chief goals of Puerto Rico's remarkable new Operation *Serenity*. It receives nearly a third of Puerto Rico's entire budget. No other country except Israel spends so much of its budget on education.

Beyond this, the Commonwealth will actually dip into emergency funds to help a gifted student continue his studies.

Today, one third of Puerto Rico's total population is going to school—grade school, high school, vocational school, or one of the island's universities.

Puerto Rico is proud of her spectacular industrial renaissance. But this "sunny, scrubbed, and cultured land" is prouder still of the way her people are putting their prosperity to use.

©1960—Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y.

◀ Between classes at the Central High School in San Juan. Central High is especially proud of having built its own historical museum, and of having won the Puerto Rican basketball championship. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.

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Beyond the Law

It has been a splendid season for spies and undercover agents, those unsung heroes who get all too little recognition for their contributions to the plots of future Grade-B movies. Many of our CIA people had obviously been bursting to let it out that for several years U-2 flights over Russia have been about as routine as a milk run. Even old stone-face Gromyko couldn't repress a grin when Ambassador Lodge unblushingly announced that a microphone had been discovered inside a wooden replica of the Great Seal of the United States, a gift from the Russian people, after it had been hanging in our Moscow embassy for some time. And now we read of the consummate proficiency with which Adolf Eichmann was spirited out of Argentina by the Israelis.

While the Russians have been content to let others praise their cloak-and-dagger work by condemning it, the Americans and Israelis have not been satisfied with merely boasting about what they have done, but have gone on to assert in a righteous tone that when a Boy Scout steals apples it's perfectly proper because the farmer wouldn't have given them to him if he had asked politely at the front door. Somehow the argument is not quite convincing. And since the United States has suspended U-2 flights over Russia anyway, the Israelis can surely abandon the incredible claim that Eichmann went to Israel voluntarily.

Actually, the Israelis have already accomplished everything they could have hoped for. If the man who supervised the slaughter of six million Jews during the war had simply been bumped off some dark night by persons unknown, the event would have attracted little attention; in fact, there might have been considerable doubt in many minds as to whether the right man had been executed. Alternatively, a routine attempt at extradition would probably have produced only an anticlimactic series of legal squabbles, even if Eichmann weren't tipped off in time to get away again.

The Israelis wanted a public trial in which the whole world would be compelled to hear their accusations against Eichmann. Well, that hearing has already begun and cannot be stopped. No formal sentence of punishment will be adequate anyway, so they might as well spit him out and let somebody else take on the disgusting job of finishing him off.

Spend and Spend

Back in 1945, when there were 64,600 known Communists in this country, the House Committee on Un-American Activities got by on a budget of $50,000. Representative James Roosevelt points out that for this year, when the Communist count has fallen below 10,000, the Committee is spending $327,000. This would seem to mean that the amount of money Congress sees fit to spend per Communist has risen in fifteen years from seventy-eight cents to $32.70. These are indeed inflationary times.

The Medicine Man

Headlines reported last month that Dr. Henry Welch, director of the Division of Antibiotics of the Food and Drug Administration, had been forced to resign because he had pocketed $287,142 that had come indirectly from fifteen drug companies as his payment for "editorial duties" in a publishing venture. When Welch's take was detailed before the

(*Continued on Page 6*)

COUNT ME IN

"Shenton, a 56-year-old sign writer, is secretary of the International Flat Earth Society. . . . In 1920 he decided that accepted doctrines about the universe were false and the earth was flat like a plate."—AP Dispatch.

The earth is flat, the earth is flat,
Of late I've been convinced of that.
The summit never was, but we
Surmounted it triumphantly.
The U-2 was a brilliant coup,
The Soviet air is ours to view.
To be a hero all that's wanted
Is being taciturn when taunted.
A Bomarc bursts, but pay no heed:
The radiation's chicken feed.
A governor—Republican—
Talks like a Democratic man,
While Democrats, in union's name,
Refrain from allocating blame,
And Roper's polls would indicate
That Eisenhower's going great.

If there is any sense in that,
It's obvious the earth is flat.

—SEC

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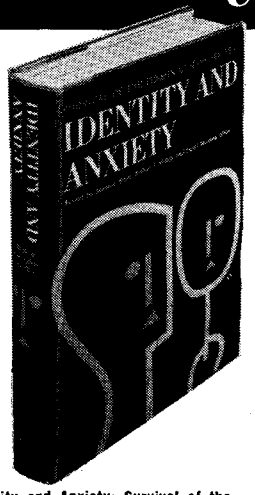

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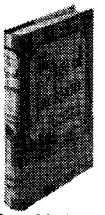

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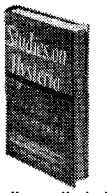

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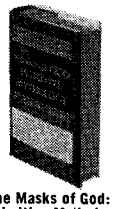

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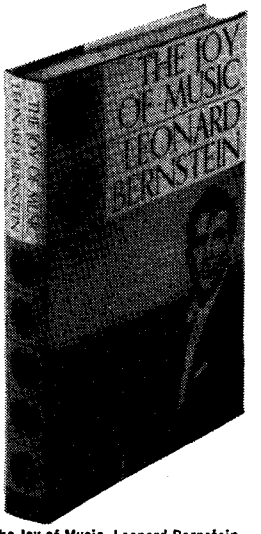

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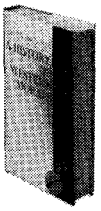

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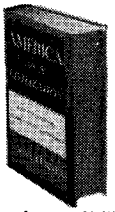

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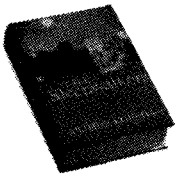

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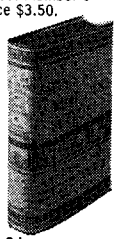

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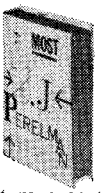

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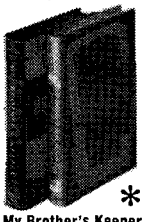

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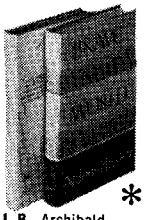

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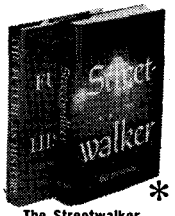

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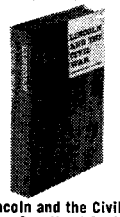

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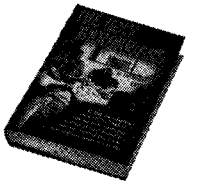

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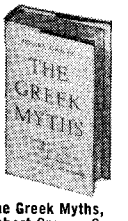

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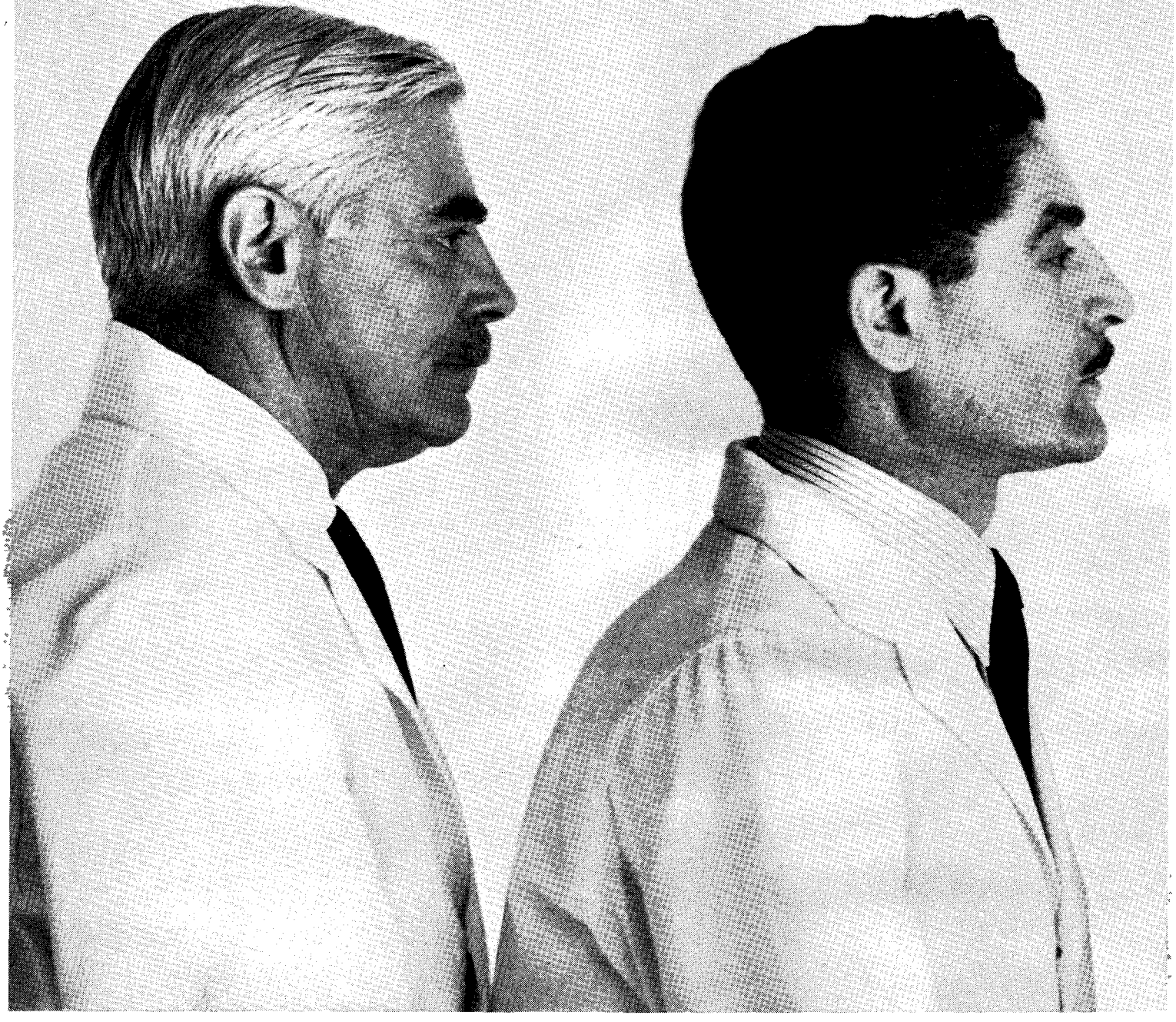
"El próximo año

$$P = \frac{A}{A\text{-}B}E_{N,A} - \frac{B}{A\text{-}B}E_{N,B}\ldots$$"



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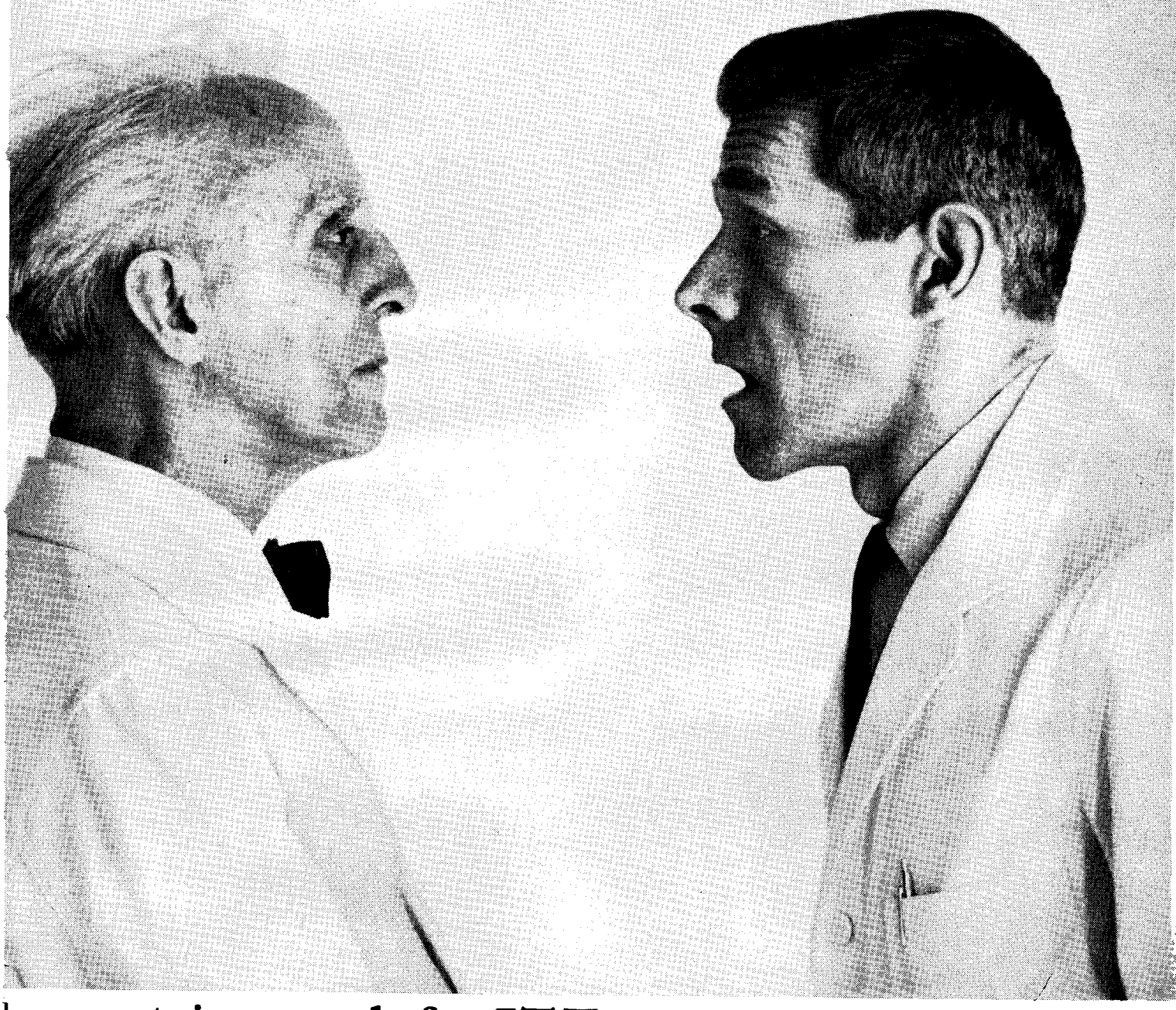

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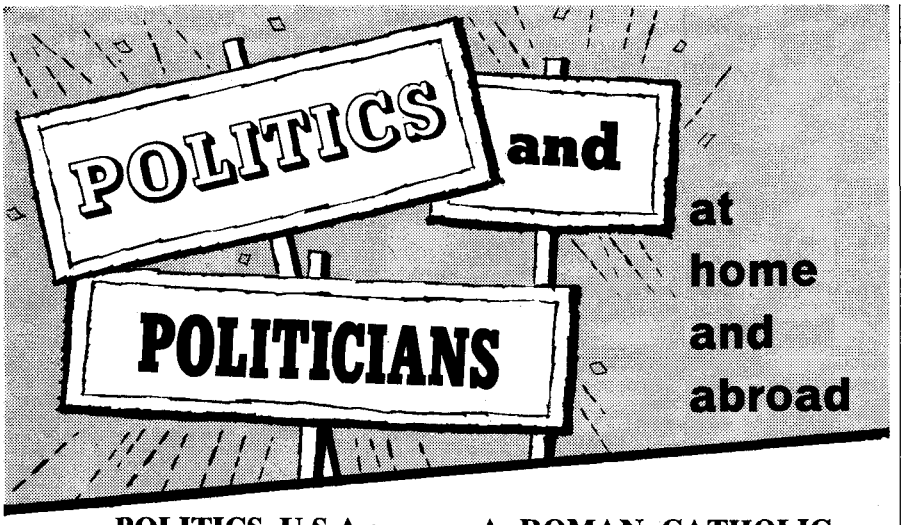

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DOUBLEDAY

Senate drug inquiry, both Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Arthur Flemming and FDA Commissioner George P. Larrick reacted with shock and anger. Larrick said he had "implicitly trusted" Welch, an FDA veteran of twenty-two years, and had "relied on his judgment very heavily." Flemming said coldly that Welch had "deliberately misled his superiors" and that unless his resignation was immediately forthcoming, charges would be filed (his disability retirement had already been approved).

This picture of angry surprise blurs a little when placed against a chronology of HEW documents that are now part of the record of Senator Kefauver's Antitrust and Monopoly subcommittee.

Apparently Welch started his "outside work" in 1950 with a book on antibiotic therapy. The project was approved at the Federal Security Agency, predecessor to HEW, on Welch's assurance that he would use no confidential FDA information and would do most of the work at night.

By 1955 this activity had expanded to half ownership of Medical Encyclopedia, Inc., with Dr. Félix Martí-Ibáñez as co-owner, and to editorship of two medical journals put out by MD Publications, owned by Martí-Ibáñez. With MD Publications Welch had an agreement for 7.5 per cent on all advertising revenue and a half share of all profits from reprints of articles. These ads and reprints, plus other odds and ends in MD bookkeeping, produced $224,016.70 between 1953 and 1960.

It has been reported that these activities brought up questions of conflict of interest in HEW even before Oveta Culp Hobby left in 1955. Certainly the conflict-of-interest issue was raised during Marion B. Folsom's tenure as Secretary in the late spring of 1956 by John T. Connor, president of Merck & Co., Inc. On direction of FDA Director of the Division of Medicine, Dr. Albert H. Holland, Welch met with Connor on July 16. In a memo, in which he relied chiefly on his old 1950 clearance, Welch reported to Commissioner Larrick that he had satisfied Connor. Apparently he also satisfied Larrick. And yet the Committee has testimony to show that in October, 1956, Welch let Pfizer & Co., Inc. of

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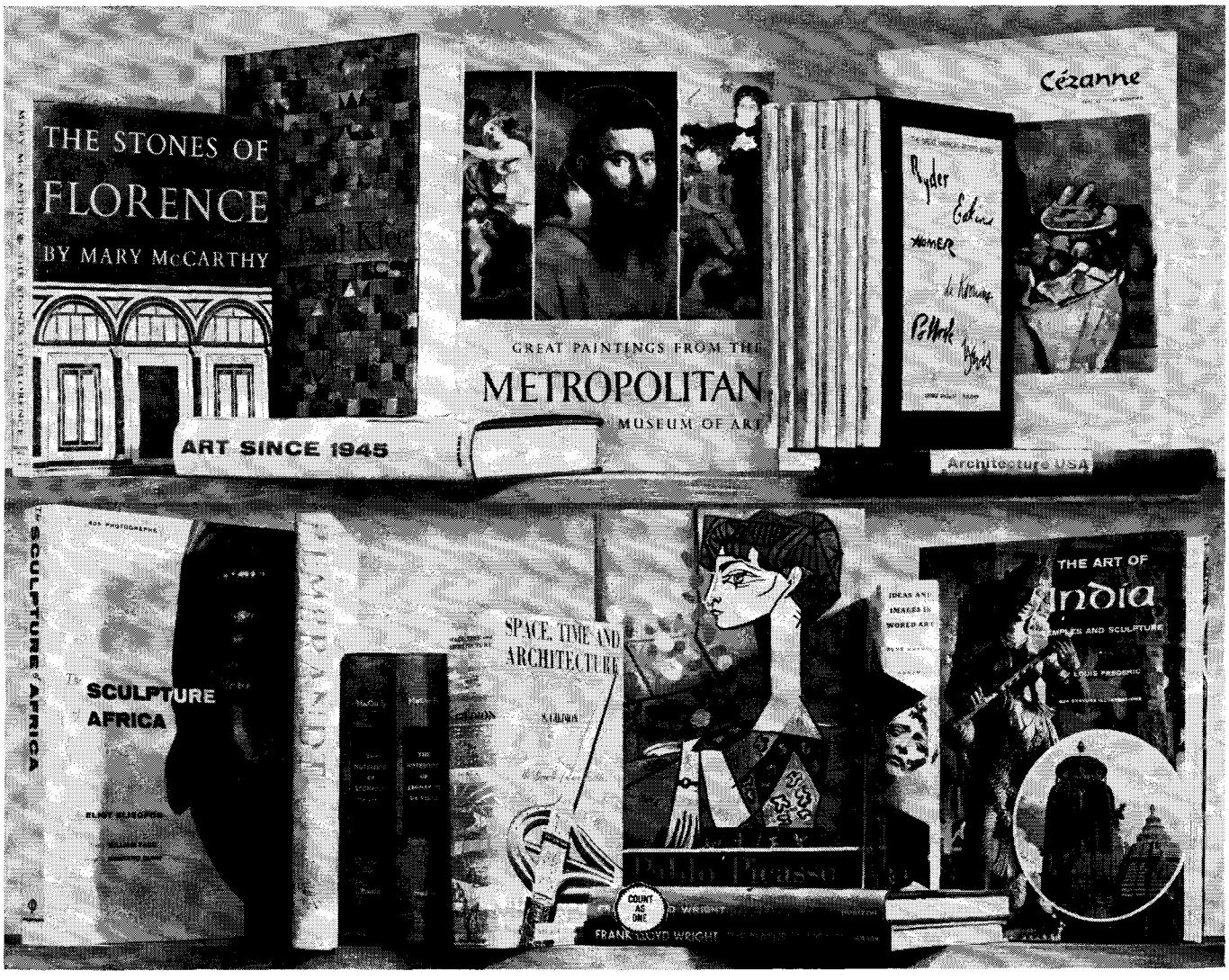

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Brooklyn interpolate into a policy speech of his a slogan subsequently used to advertise Sigmamycin, Pfizer's combination form of antibiotic therapy. In December, 1956, and in January, 1957, Senators Herbert H. Lehman and Lister Hill made inquiries about Welch to HEW.

During the summer of 1957, Welch asked his staff for evidence to back up his position favoring combination antibiotics, which had come under heavy attack from a number of experts and medical journals. In the fall of 1957 he wrote two reports praising Pfizer's Sigmamycin (now known as Signemycin).

Arthur Flemming became Secretary late in 1958, and the Welch case began to come out into the open. John Lear, science editor of the *Saturday Review*, wrote two pieces in January and February, 1959, making specific conflict-of-interest charges. However, the extent and nature of Welch's involvement were still not known publicly. In the next six months there were at least five more Congressional inquiries to HEW about Welch's affairs. In Flemming's own file, there is a memo dated May 6, 1959, headed "Confidential; Paper for the files on the Dr. Welch Matter." This document raised the question of the legality and propriety of "a relationship of a federal employee with a publisher where A) his income varies with the amount of advertising [as Welch's did] . . . or B) is dependent on reprints ordered by private concerns [as Welch's was]." The memo also noted that there was probably a conflict of interest if an official took a position in private writings on a controversial matter that he could influence as a public officer—an apt description of Welch's many defenses of combination antibiotics.

But it was not until last October that Welch was made to give up his editorships, and even then he was allowed to keep his book interests. Not until this February did anyone in FDA ask Welch how much money had been involved in his outside interests. Deputy Commissioner John L. Harvey has testified that Welch refused to tell him, a fact he reported to Flemming.

Finally, on May 18, Flemming said he and Larrick had been "deliberately misled." If he had known last October what he knew now, he commented, he would have fired Welch then. The only question left unanswered is why it took him so long to find out.

These Things Were Said

¶ QUESTION FROM DR. ALBERT SCHWEITZER: "Who is giving these countries the rights to experiment, in times of peace, with weapons involving the most serious risks for the whole world?" Answer from this department: "Who, Dr. Schweitzer? God. The same God who permits men to scale mountains and discover lifesaving serums permits them to jump out of windows and drop hydrogen bombs. It is quite simple. It is known as the doctrine of Free Will."—*Dorothy Kilgallen in the New York Journal-American.*

¶ The practical problems faced by editors of mass circulation publications when considering off-beat or arty photos was explored by Byron Dobell. . . . "We must express the true aspects of American life—the moral earnestness, good-natured intent, and the happy ending. We must encourage the readers to be good and live a comfortable life while being good," Mr. Dobell said. "However," he admitted, "our definitions of good are very limited . . . We must be dull, safe and uncontroversial in a profound way." The picture editor provided a solid example of what is meant by these limitations when he pointed out that in order to avoid provincial strife This Week will never publish the photograph of a Negro.—*Report in Editor & Publisher.*

¶ A huge American mercy airlift for the disaster-stricken people of Chile wound up Wednesday with a harvest of good will for the United States. . . .

"If I accept half the drinks the Chileans want to buy me, I couldn't stand up," one Air Force crewman said. . . .

A government official said he believes the mammoth U.S. aid has dealt a serious blow to the sizable Chilean Communist party.

A diplomat from another South American nation called the airlift "not only a great humanitarian act but the smartest diplomatic move the United States has made in Latin America in years."—*AP Dispatch.*

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"Well, good Lord, what have I done?"

"That feed of yours is selling too well to suit Mr. Hall." E. C. Hall was one of the bank's largest stockholders, and he owned a wholesale grocery in town. I hadn't stopped to think that our sales of feed would cut into his business, but they undoubtedly had.

"What does Mr. Hall want me to do?"

"He doesn't want you to do anything. He wants me to fire you," Holland snapped.

I hesitated a moment, but before I could ask the question, Holland said, "I told him that you were doing what you were hired to do. I told him he could buy my stock or I would buy his, but I wasn't going to fire you for doing something that needed doing."

I accepted Mr. Holland's reassurance gratefully but still felt uneasy. Why was it that whenever I turned around I stepped on someone's toes? I sensed that this was but the beginning of my latest trouble. Now that there was opposition to me so close to home—in the bank itself—I had the feeling that I would be stopped just as I had been down in New London.

As always when I was troubled, I thought of old Pop Hart and I went up to see him again at Amherst. "My gosh, am I going to run into this sort of thing all the time? Have I got this to look forward to all of my life?"

Pop looked at me for a long moment. "Murray, just as long as you're doing something a little different from the way in which it's always been done you're going to find some sort of opposition. The best evidence you are doing something worth while is this *kind* of opposition. Now, you can go ahead doing something and getting into this kind of trouble or you can stop and just coast. But I don't think you're the kind that will stop. If that's your nature, then reconcile yourself to it. Don't get discouraged. This is the sort of competition that goes on all the time, and you've got to learn to handle it."

While Pop Hart's words made good sense and gave me courage, I don't think I could have gone on very long without the support of C. P. Holland [illegible]

Holland was a remarkable man in many ways. He was a big man in a little bank, and I always thought that if the bank were

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CORRESPONDENCE

LIBERALS AND CIVIL RIGHTS

To the Editor: Anthony Lewis's contention that the liberals defeated themselves on civil rights by demanding too much ("The Professionals Win Out over Civil Rights," *The Reporter*, May 26) is an artful lightning rod to take the blame away from the real obstructionists. For it is clear in retrospect that no clever changes in the liberals' strategy would have altered the results. They just did not have the votes.

Though Mr. Lewis infers to the contrary, the liberals did seek first and repeatedly to persuade the administration to make real improvements in its referee plan. Over and over again they appealed for elimination of the prior requirement that the applicant try to enroll with the local registrar. Their quiet, "conciliatory" approaches were rebuffed by Department of Justice representatives and the Congressional leadership. It was only after all these attempts failed that liberals mounted an attack disclosing the massive red tape and other flaws in the referee plan. Even this limited objective of improving the administration plan was rejected by the ruling coalition, although the tactics now urged by Mr. Lewis were in fact used.

Then Mr. Lewis berates the Clark-Javits amendment (to set up both registrars appointed by the President and court-appointed referees) for including a judicial finding as a necessary "trigger." But this was an avowed effort at compromise, trying to take the basic administration proposal and make it somewhat more workable. Since liberals had in fact previously tried to make the only compromise Mr. Lewis now suggests, and since he ridicules them for making another that accepted a basic—but unpalatable—administration tenet, we are left in some doubt as to whether even Mr. Lewis knows exactly what the higher strategy should have been.

Again, Mr. Lewis scorns the liberals for backing Part III, as a proposal they knew they could not win. He neglects to tell your readers, however, that liberals intended to bring this up at the end of the debate after trying the lesser proposals. But it was an opponent of Part III, a Republican, Senator Case of South Dakota, who brought this up as the first really substantive measure to be voted on—in order to let the coalition knock it down, which it did. The early vote on Part III was thus precipitated by the opponents, not the liberals. Or is Mr. Lewis suggesting that the liberals should have withdrawn all their efforts at improving the bill—and then they would not have been beaten? But this is a counsel of surrender, not of political sagacity.

Even a shrewd politician may not look good when he doesn't have the votes. But he looks worse when he takes his licking with a whimper and doesn't even try to make the issues for the public to see.

The liberal cloture effort is criticized as premature. But here again Mr. Lewis is suggesting it should have been held off until Senator Johnson had sufficiently whittled down the bill so that two-thirds would vote to end debate. This is just another example of the "you-shoulda-surrendered-before-you-were-licked" theory of practical politics.

The round-the-clock sessions were fatiguing the backers of civil rights, not their opponents. Cloture gave a good, early test of how many would stand up for an effective bill. The liberal loss proved again that under Rule 22 you cannot get cloture to stop a filibuster of an effective civil-rights bill. Delay would only have put off the evil day a little longer.

The truth is that liberal tactics had nothing to do with the disappointing result.

The result was foreordained by some hard political decisions: (1) by the administration and G.O.P. Congressional leadership that while they wanted "some bill," to give an appearance of progress in an election year, they would not push for a measure effective enough to endanger their basic alliance with the South on domestic issues; (2) by the Democratic leadership that it too wanted "some bill" to keep up appearances, but not so effective as to antagonize the South, which is the principal base of that leadership's support and which by seniority controls most of the Congressional chairmanships and machinery; (3) by the South that while it wanted no bill at all, a small retreat after the appearance of all-out resistance and noisy flexing of oratorical muscles would stave off any real Federal interference with "the Southern way of life"; and (4) by some Northern Democratic senators from small states who felt they had more to gain for their states from collaboration with the leadership and the centers of power than from ideological flirtations with liberals on problems of human relations that didn't much affect the people of their states.

The liberals' only choice in the face of this coalition was to try to make the issues clearer for the people—and hope that some parts of the press would help the voters to see the way in which Constitutional rights were affected, and not just what legerdemain the coalition was working out in order to frustrate real progress.

I regret that Mr. Lewis did not make clearer for your readers who really killed the chances for noteworthy advances in civil rights in 1960.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS
U.S. Senate

IN PRAISE OF FICTION

To the Editor: I have enjoyed reading *The Reporter* for several years now for the extensive and objective coverage

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that it has given of current events in many fields.

I am truly grateful to you for bringing to my attention the excerpt from Giuseppe di Tomasi's *The Leopard* (April 28) and Vladimir Dudintsev's "A New Year's Tale" (May 26). I am also reminded of the excerpts that you ran in several issues of *Dr. Zhivago* prior to its appearance in book form.

I certainly hope that you will continue this practice.

SHOSHANA LICHTENSTEIN
Chicago

THE FORAND FIGHT

To the Editor: The purpose of this letter is not to attempt to refute your editorial opinions or those of Edward T. Chase ("The Fight over the Forand Bill," *The Reporter*, May 26). We do want to object to the somewhat superficial manner in which the article represented the American Medical Association's position and its programs *vis-à-vis* the aged.

For example, Mr. Chase cites as the two main examples of the profession's activities a letter-writing campaign and an anti-Forand exhibit at a county society medical meeting. Of course, doctors have been urged to write their congressmen, but this is certainly not an unusual or unique technique—the AFL-CIO, the American Association of Retired Persons, and other interested groups have also been encouraging their members to do exactly the same thing.

The Forand booth was part of a closed meeting of physicians and was never intended to be "an effort to win the propaganda battle" among the general public. The publicity it did receive stemmed, I believe, from publications of the AFL-CIO and from a Drew Pearson column.

The A.M.A. and its constituent societies have instituted many, many positive programs designed to meet the needs of the aged through voluntary programs. As I said, *The Reporter* holds one view on Forand-type legislation and the A.M.A. another. We welcome any constructive interchange of philosophies but do object when our position is distorted to fit certain stereotyped images.

LOUIS M. ORR, M.D., President
American Medical Association
Chicago

To the Editor: On the basis of my long experience as a public-health officer, I am convinced that in developing programs to meet the health needs of the aged, we must concern ourselves not only with improving the capability of people to pay for medical care but also we must take affirmative steps to assure that the services received are of good quality and are organized in such a manner as to be appropriate to the various needs of different groups in the population.

LEONA BAUMGARTNER, M.D.
Commissioner of Health
New York City

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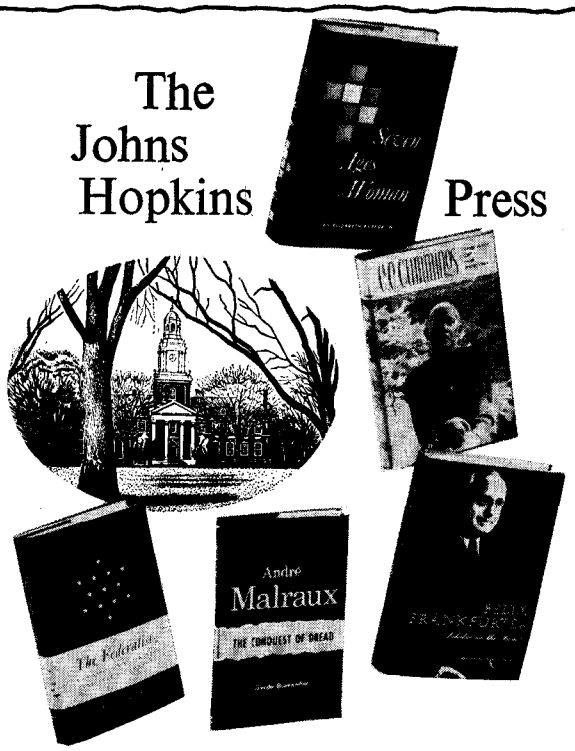

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

Max Ascoli's editorial deals with the absurd no-peace, no-war situation in which we live, stresses the overriding importance of a reduction of armaments, and suggests that a role may be played here too by that unique institution, the U.N. Secretariat.

BY NO MEANS ALL American faculty members share in the new rewards of professorship which **Spencer Klaw** discusses. Indeed, the gap between the overprivileged and the underprivileged may become too wide. Certainly the fact that there are so many demands on the professional intellectual and that he is no longer to be considered a semi-outcast is to be applauded. But the danger is that with all the demands made on him, his creative capacity may become sterilized. At the root of the matter is an unwillingness to face the problem of higher education, of its cost and of its function, on a nation-wide level. Piecemeal assistance has been granted to some universities but there are no national standards and no attempt to face the problem as a whole. In our opinion the Federal government should in no way assume the responsibility of running our educational system, but it cannot escape the responsibility of establishing and enforcing standards. Mr. Klaw is a free-lance writer.

MAURICE H. STANS has no official responsibility for defense outlays or defense policy, but as director of the Bureau of the Budget he makes his influence felt at almost every stage of the budgeting process—for defense as for everything else. **Edward L. Katzenbach,** former director of the Defense Study Program at the Harvard School of Public Administration, examines some of the results of the bureau's unofficial defense policies. . . . Staff writer **Paul Jacobs** found during his travels in Russia that American visitors were still being given preferential treatment—which included being allowed to move to the front of the crowds viewing the wreckage of Francis Powers's celebrated airplane in Gorki Park. . . . Africa has many languages, but one Swahili word has come into daily use in all of them. *"Uhuru"*—"freedom"—represents to most Africans the achievement of a goal after a long struggle. **William H. Hessler** of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, who has been traveling in Africa, discusses the perhaps even greater struggle that must come after *uhuru* is achieved.

"IT IS IN OUR POWER to do but one thing, and that is not to distort the living voice of life," wrote Boris Pasternak. **Alfred Kazin,** one of our regular contributors, traveled in Russia last year and met Konstantin Paustovsky, one of Pasternak's oldest friends, who was present at the poet's graveside on June 2. . . . The world of tennis has many center courts but only one Centre Court. **T. S. Matthews,** former editor of *Time*, now lives in London. . . . **Roland Gelatt** is editor of *High Fidelity*. . . . **Nat Hentoff** is a regular contributor on a range of subjects that is becoming difficult to classify. . . . **Kenneth S. Lynn** teaches at Harvard. He is the author of *Mark Twain and Southwestern Humor* (Atlantic-Little, Brown).

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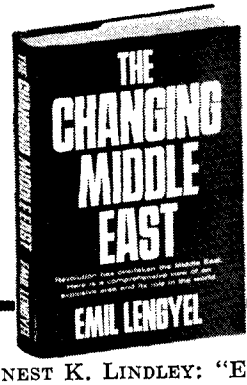

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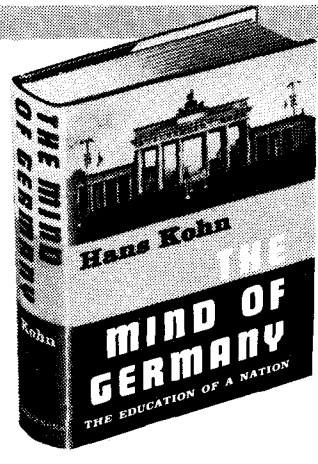

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Their Madness and Ours

Now that the tumult which followed the Paris no-conference has died down and the clamor of the Presidential campaign has not yet filled the air, this is perhaps the time to consider with a steady mind that present condition of international affairs which, for lack of a better word, we call peace. The pretenders to the Presidency are going to give us various offerings of the particular kind of peace they advocate, and it may well be that the coming contest will prove unprecedented in the sense that international issues will overshadow purely domestic ones. Considering that candidates, in their search for votes, are inclined to indulge in oversimplifications compounded with overdramatization of the role they will play if elected, we must ready ourselves to judge them by the liberties they take with the major fact of our life.

This fact is the peace we have: a substitute for a war that is not being fought and cannot conceivably be fought. Yet we must incessantly prepare for it; we as well as the Russians cannot help courting, and at the same time shunning, the *ultima ratio*. Both in courting and in shunning it, we as well as the Russians try to give evidence both of our determination and of our good intentions. Determination, if carried to the ultimate conclusion, would lead to the extinction not just of the enemy but of the human race. Good intentions, no matter how seriously and piously proclaimed, cannot hide the expectancy, on each side, of the other's redemption.

It is frequently said, and not without reason, that only an insane man could unleash total war, and it is also said, with perhaps sounder reason, that the chances for little private wars' remaining private and not developing into total wars are fast diminishing. Actually, there is a quality of madness in the very predicament we are in—a madness determined by the means of destruction which have been brought into existence, and which can be neither used nor abandoned.

Madness, however, is unevenly distributed between the two sides, or at least it has taken different forms. *They* are playing with peace and with peacemaking—indeed, they offer total peace—and they make peace via complete and total disarmament an essential part of their program. They are confident that, by attributing warmaking intentions to us, they can create a cleavage between the allied peoples and our country. Of course, their régimes, and particularly those of the colonies or satellites they rule, could not possibly survive without a great weight of armament and would have all to lose should communication between East and West become free and open and the tension relaxed. They are afraid of peace; their goal still remains revolutionary and they do not care for definite, binding agreements. But this does not prevent their leaders from playing at creating emotional expectations of peace, and then attributing to us the whole responsibility for the increased tension and the increased burden of armaments.

Khrushchev's recent behavior offers the best possible evidence of their attitude—and of their madness. For months, he had conducted a rustic flirtation with our country as if his intentions were of reaching a state of legitimate, enduring wedlock called peace. He is tough and rough, he bullies and clowns and curses. He behaves and talks as if he were drunk when he plays the act of the jilted suitor, and takes all possible advantages from his sophisticated rusticity. How can anybody question his good faith? He has reduced all the most complex problems of strategy and diplomacy to terms so simple that five-finger arithmetic can cope with them. It will take four years—just four years—to dispose, once and for all, of all weapons. The essential part of his trick is that his magnanimous offer must not find any takers among the powers that count.

Nothing but Our Skin

And that is madness—their madness. If the two polar powers can be called victims of manic-depression, Khrushchev's Russia has been singularly affected by the manic phase, we by the depressive. We assume that all the civilized patterns of international living would be automatically re-established once the Communists quiet down. In fact, we entertain the notion that they are quieting down. Economic development is doing the job, and when a nation starts developing its economy, one can be sure that it is on the path to virtue. Japan did it, but when Pearl Harbor came, the path did not prove to have been too virtuous.

We rightly refuse to recognize as permanent and legitimate the status quo in the Communist-dominated countries, but we have no trouble when it comes to the status quo of the governments on our side. We are surprised

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and grieved when, as in the case of South Korea and of Turkey, we realize that something has gone wrong in the relationship between governments we helped to stay in power and their peoples. In confronting Communism we are leery when it comes to suggesting any specific realistic measure for the reduction of armaments, although we are fully aware that the present pace cannot be long endured by either side.

What the Soviets want of us is the disbandment of our commonwealth of alliances, and the unquestioning recognition of their empire with its built-in multiplier of indefinite accretion. What we ask of them cannot be easily defined—unless it is that their government be elected by the people in free and unfettered elections, or at least that they become a little nicer. Yet with these governments we must live and have some kind of relationship, even if only of an armistice or cease-fire nature, for we cannot conceivably be the ones to start the war for which we as well as the Soviets are preparing.

Recently, we have been made to realize how stultifying and dangerous are personal contacts among world leaders whose very leadership over their own peoples defies comparison. There may have been some sincerity in Khrushchev when he berated Eisenhower for not being the all-powerful boss of his nation—for having failed to exercise all the powers of the Secretary General of the American Capitalist Party.

The Unbulky Secretariat

Yet again and again, some communication between the two great blocs must be maintained. Indeed, the whole system of communication between powers, great and small, is endangered by the fact that we and the Russians cannot have war and cannot have peace. With summitry out of the way, that tired thing called by a tired name—old-fashioned diplomacy—can still play a creditable role. But, after all, the diplomats must report to the chiefs of their foreign offices or of their governments. Some of these heads of government, and most of all Khrushchev, have proved to be extremely difficult unpredictable characters.

It is here that the United Nations has proved to be even more than a useful, a necessary institution. It is not by its nature a supergovernment, and it can only be harmed by being considered a world government in the making. It is a union of governments, and it can act only through the governments. The General Assembly sometimes functions like a mirror and a caricature of the world scene, or like a chaotic assemblage of unleashed nationalisms. The Security Council has become the body where the stalemate between East and West is constantly celebrated. Yet the General Assembly has its peculiar usefulness as the pseudo-parliament of nations, from which the most serious problems of international life have to be kept away. Reduction of armaments has become a far more difficult proposition since the General Assembly unanimously adopted Khrushchev's principle of total disarmament.

The Security Council, in turn, has acquired a function of considerable though negative importance. It is the organ through which the major crises peter out. Evidence being what happened after the U-2 affair: a resolution suggested by four minor nations was passed which was greeted with restrained unhappiness on the Russian side, and no explosion of overjoy on the American side. As a place dedicated to the safe disposal of unexploded conflicts, the Security Council has proved to be perfectly suited. All this shows that while attempts to bypass the U.N. are constant, all adventures in bypassing end at the U.N.

The most important activity of the U.N., however, the least institutional, or likely to be ever institutionalized, is in the Secretariat. That reciprocal recognition of the status quo which the two major blocs can scarcely afford to make can be, on specific occasions, entrusted to the private diplomacy of individuals whose national allegiance has been suspended. The Secretariat can never act as the agent of one government, assigned to report on another. It cannot repeat to the one what it has learned from the other. It is an agency for filtered communications designed to sterilize the germs of conflict. To be effective, it must be unbulky.

If the turbulence in the Middle East is now somewhat abated, if the hostility between Israel and the Arab countries has remained short of war, this is to a remarkable extent due to a handful of men—Dag Hammarskjöld first of all and his aides—who know how to talk to Nasser and to Ben-Gurion, and how to be respected by both. These talks can be judged by their results: there has been no resumption of hostilities. The leaders of these presumably irreconcilable states have had to acquire the habit of restraint in their military actions if not in their verbal outbursts. The fact that communications between them have never been pursued in jolly outings à la Camp David has also helped.

So far, the Secretariat has acted on peripheral areas of potential military conflicts and not at the very center of the antagonism between the West and the Communist bloc. But the experience it has gained in the Middle and in the Far East makes the Secretariat eminently suited to operate sometime—and the sooner the better—as a conditioner and prompter of synchronized spontaneity among the major contenders. Any temporary bridge between the major contenders must be the work of the contenders themselves. In major emergencies we cannot fall back on a "leave it to Dag" policy.

PEACE for our times can only be based on a series of temporary, limited, patchwork settlements, until some reduction of armaments can be achieved—and the reduction of armaments, too, must be a series of limited, patchwork agreements. There is no other way of gradually overcoming the madness that keeps the world convulsed. We can measure our Presidential candidates by their concrete, specific proposals on how to reduce armaments. There is no other road to peace.

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The Affluent Professors

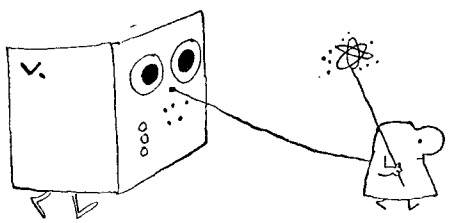
SPENCER KLAW

ACADEMIC LIFE these days is undergoing a striking transformation. The university professor, like the university at which he professes, is being subjected to new pressures and faced with new temptations. The walls of the ivory tower have been shattered—with often bewildering consequences for both the world outside and the scientists and scholars within.

At the big universities that set the styles of academic life in America, the professor has never had it so good. To begin with, he spends less and less time teaching, and has more and more time for "his own work"—i.e., for his scholarly or scientific research. His laboratory, if he requires one, is expensively equipped and staffed by a grateful government. When his researches take him into the field, he may deploy a squad of investigators placed at his disposal by a corporation or a private foundation. And while society is subsidizing his investigations on a vast and rising scale, it is also avidly seeking his advice. The professor is always being asked to fly somewhere: to "cross-fertilize" a conference on city planning, to advise a government agency on how to cope with inflation or with Africa, to help an oil company teach its foremen how to get along with the men. In sophisticated business circles, to retain a consultant—or a team of consultants—from Columbia, say, or M.I.T. is becoming a recognized status symbol, like owning a big electronic computer. In politics, no man seeks high public office these days without a suite of academic advisers, including, if possible, at least one from Harvard.

In his altered circumstances the professor may sport an expense account, carry a stack of credit cards, or, like one Princeton historian with a particularly rich extracurricular life, have an unlisted telephone. When he gets tired of answering phones and rushing around on planes he can put in for a grant from the government or a foundation and spend a quiet year at a foreign university. If he has had his fill of foreign travel, and provided he can wangle an invitation, he may repair to a domestic retreat of the type known as a "think tank"—the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, to name a notable example, or the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences at Palo Alto, a more recently established preserve that is kept green by Ford Foundation funds.

The professor's life is not only more peripatetic than ever, but it tends to be better rewarded. In some



of the lusher academic groves a professor may earn the equivalent of his academic salary in consulting fees and in payments from research grants, and an annual income of twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars is no longer rare at leading universities.

The professor also shows a new independence in treating with his traditional oppressors: the department chairman, the dean, and the president. He knows (as does the dean) that if he is not appreciated, he can simply pick up his research grants and take them to another university. As a well-dressed and well-traveled young professor remarked recently, after tallying up his foundation grants and looking around carefully to make sure no potential donor to the university's endowment fund was listening in, "It's getting to be a damned advantageous profession."

Naturally it is more advantageous for some professors than for others. The changes taking place have as yet had little effect on the faculties of most liberal-arts colleges. And even at the big universities, humanistic scholars do not fare so well as the scientists (both natural and social) when the new plums are handed out. But the plums are being passed around more widely every year.

Present-Mindedness

The new way of academic life reflects, of course, the new position of the intellectual in America. Confronted with problems of enormous complexity and urgency—in business, in government, in international relations and economic planning and military technology—Americans have been turning for guidance to the scientists and scholars on university faculties. The universities themselves for the most part have been happy to give such guidance. (For one thing, it has enabled them to get badly needed financial support.) And in the process, the quality of academic life in America—and the whole shape of higher education—has been profoundly altered.

The mounting traffic between the university and the world outside is raising serious questions. Everybody wants the professor to be mobile, well heeled, and well armed in negotiations with his dean. But if he is always holed up in his laboratory or flying somewhere, what is to become of his students? Are professors and universities letting themselves be pushed around by their rich new patrons? Specifically, what happens to the scientists whose particular interests are in a field not at the moment fashionable in government

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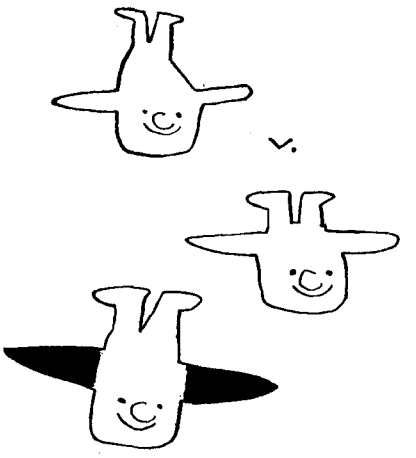
or foundation circles? ("We're afraid that if we don't study those things for which dollars are available," Lyle Borst, chairman of New York University's physics department, has remarked, "we may not be studying at all.") Are professors of philosophy and Greek to be reduced to second-class citizens? On the other hand, in fields such as economics or psychology, how much involvement in worldly affairs is good for a professor or a university?

The monastic tranquillity that once prevailed in many areas of university life has been dissipated. Administrators multiply like hamsters, and paper work mounts. There is so much bustling and scurrying that the scholar who wants to do some quiet thinking, as Howard Mumford Jones has pointed out, is almost forced to apply for a leave of absence and go somewhere else. Academic entrepreneurs flourish, and the term "research professor" may denote a man who is not so much a researcher as an expert at drumming up research funds. At many universities, notably at those where empire building is restrained neither by tradition nor by the kind of academic virtue that goes with a big endowment, academic shop talk is laced with cynicism. "Everybody's got an underdeveloped area in his pocket," a young sociologist just back from two weeks in Cairo remarked not long ago. "You can always take it out and get a grant and fly somewhere." Professorial conversation abounds with references to promoters, operators, and foundation hoppers, and to academic boondoggling and projectitis.

Promoters are a small minority in the academic community. But many a scholar or scientist who has no ambition to play the entrepreneur may nevertheless find himself compelled by circumstances to spend time and energy lining up support for his work—and for the work of his colleagues and students. Furthermore, even for the serious scholar the temptations of what Jacques Barzun has called the airport existence may be hard to withstand. "It's a kind of game," a professor of political science, currently at anchor in the quiet waters of a New England women's college, explained recently. "It's a competition to see how many of



these things you get—foundation grants, junkets, invitations to conferences. After all the years when nobody knew you existed, it's rather sweet to know you can fly to Europe and that sort of thing."

The Lucrative Fringe

In achieving his new status the professor has benefited tremendously from the way in which scholars and scientists are now deployed outside the universities. According to a study published in 1942, ninety-five per cent of the mathematicians who had taken their doctorates at the University of Chicago between 1893 and 1938 were in academic work, as were eighty-one per cent of the sociologists, seventy-five per cent of the physicists, and seventy per cent of the economists. Only in the case of the chemists were a majority (fifty-five per cent) in nonacademic jobs.

Today, by contrast, some three-fifths of all fledgling Ph.D.s in physics, and half of those in mathematics and psychology, take jobs in government or industry. The demand outside the universities for economists and sociologists with advanced degrees has also been rising apace. DuPont employs more doctors of philosophy than any single university, and the Federal government has as many on its payroll as any ten universities. The effect of this redistribution on the morale of the professor, particularly in the natural and social sciences, has been vastly stimulating. He can now drive a hard bargain with his university precisely because he doesn't have to go on being a professor.

The professor's enhanced bargaining power is paying off in better salaries and fringe benefits. Nobody yet gets rich, it must be said at once, on a professor's salary. In the 1940's faculty salaries declined sharply in terms of purchasing power, and only in the last year or so have they reached parity with 1940. At leading colleges and universities surveyed this year by the American Association of University Professors, the average full professor is still paid less than $12,000. Average pay at these institutions for all academic ranks, instructor and up, is less than $9,000. By comparison, the average doctor nets more than $18,000 a year, the average lawyer more than $11,000.

But the professor's situation is rapidly improving. In the last two years, salaries at many of the institutions studied by the AAUP have risen by fifteen per cent or more. A few faculty jobs now pay $25,000, and there are at least three hundred, according to the National Education Association, that pay $18,000 or more. Even without taking into account outside earnings, these figures suggest that at the uppermost levels of academic society the living, if not rich, is getting a good deal easier.

Moreover, the professor now gets all sorts of fringe benefits. University contributions to retirement annuities have been rising steeply, and may amount to as much as fifteen per cent of a professor's salary. Universities may offer medical insurance, group life insurance, and college-tuition scholarships for faculty children. There are also various kinds of housing subsidies. Under one particularly attractive plan, a faculty member who wants to design and build his own house can borrow most of the money he needs from the university. The loan is in the form of a mortgage that does not have to be amortized; the professor simply pays interest, and if he leaves for another job the university cancels the mortgage, gives him back his own original cash investment, and takes the house off his hands.

ONE of the most gratifying fringe benefits the university professor enjoys these days is the ease with which he can get away from his university on what is usually known as scholarly leave. Between fifteen hundred and two thousand fellowships are available to faculty members who would like to spend a year writing,

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traveling, lecturing, doing research, or simply thinking. Many of these fellowships, including nearly five hundred given out each year under the Fulbright and Smith-Mundt Acts, permit the recipients to go abroad. In 1958-1959, more than 1,800 faculty members were teaching, doing research, or taking part in special university programs overseas. This is about as many people as there are on the combined faculties of Dartmouth, Brandeis, Notre Dame, Vassar, and the University of North Carolina.

At the oldest and richest universities, to be sure, deans tend to be tough about granting leaves—and professors to be restrained about demanding them. (As a Harvard administrative officer asked recently—and rhetorically—"Who would want to get away from Harvard?") But many universities that can't compete with Harvard in prestige, amenities, or intellectual allure now woo distinguished scholars with promises of all the time off they want, which may mean every other year. Even at Harvard and Yale and Columbia, a professor is as likely as not to be away two years out of every seven, or twice as much as his normal sabbatical leaves would permit.

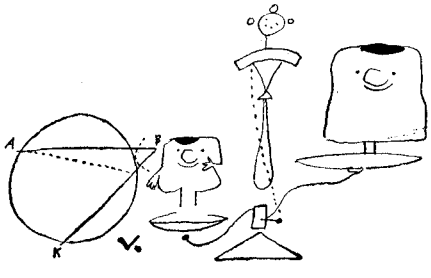
Angels over the Ivory Tower

While faculty pay and perquisites have been improving, another and more significant development has been taking place. More and more professors are spending more and more of their time working on research projects paid for, in an amount now totaling well over half a billion dollars a year, by outside sponsors or patrons. To professors and academic administrators alike, this is both exhilarating and disturbing. As one observer, Dean John C. Weaver of the Graduate College at the University of Nebraska, has written, the increase in sponsored research has "brought with it a whole new way of academic life, and although it is far too complex to permit the generalization that it is either 'good' or 'bad,' it has had a staggering impact and is bringing tremendous change."

The most generous of the professor's patrons is the Federal government. As recently as 1940, Federal contribution to research at colleges came to only $15 million. This year the total may reach $460 million. (An additional $300 million or so will go to Federal research centers such as the Argonne National Laboratory, which are managed by universities for the Federal government but are not staffed by faculty members.) Foundations and corporations too have been putting more and more money into academic research. In 1958, the latest year for which figures are available, their combined contributions came to $60 million; the universities' own investment in research was only $41 million.

Most of the new outside patronage has been going to technological schools and to a few dozen big state and private universities. Federal grants and payments for research now amount to nearly twenty per cent of total operating income at Harvard, thirty-three per cent at Columbia, and more than forty per cent at Princeton. (At institutions such as M.I.T. the figure may run well over fifty per cent.) At these and other leading universities it is a rare chemist, physicist, biologist, or mathematician who has no outside money to work with. And while ninety-six per cent of the Federal money is for research in the natural sciences or engineering, industry and foundations are financing a good many research projects in the social sciences. Many economists, psychologists, and sociologists are now as well sponsored as their colleagues in biology or chemistry.

Besides the obvious benefits it confers in the way of equipment, travel funds, and research assistants, sponsorship pays off financially. Research grants and payments, it is true, are generally made to the university, not to the individual professor whose work is being sponsored, and therefore the latter is not free to write his own financial ticket. Few universities permit faculty members to draw extra pay for research work done during the regular academic year—though New York University, to name one of the exceptions, permits a twenty-five per cent bonus if the sponsor will foot the bill. But professors who have research grants are universally permitted to draw pay for summertime research.



Such pay usually amounts to twenty to twenty-five per cent of the faculty member's annual salary. The sponsorless professor, by contrast, even though he may have a significant piece of research he would like to dig into, may have to teach at summer school instead.

Another advantage of sponsorship is that it often permits a professor to spend much more of his time on research—not only in summer but during the regular academic year as well—than he could without outside support. Most universities will reduce a faculty member's teaching schedule by half if he can scare up a research grant that will pay half his salary. Arrangements of this kind are very common, and many professors consequently now devote themselves almost entirely to research, regarding teaching only as a sort of side line. At some universities, in fact, the number of professors teaching half-time or less is used as a gauge of departmental prestige. "Joe is very sincere about research," a social scientist observed not long ago in the course of paying a half-ironic tribute to his department chairman. "When he took over, he thought, hell, I've got these people here and my objective is to get them to do as little teaching and as much research as possible. Now nine-tenths of the department is on half time."

The Better Part of Wisdom

But even while enjoying the euphoric benefits of sponsorship, professors worry about its side effects. Some of their worries were voiced last fall by the American Civil Liberties Union in a statement drafted by Julian M. Sturtevant, chairman of the chemistry department at Yale. The statement noted approvingly that sponsored research has "made it possible for universities to maintain strong science faculties in the face of intense competition . . ." It went on, however, to warn that the present system of financing research

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may result in "a very serious erosion of university control of university activities."

University administrators often deny that any such erosion is taking place, asserting stoutly that no outsiders can now or ever will be able to dictate to them or to their faculties. It is the professor, the official line runs, who decides what he would like to investigate—not the agency that finances him.

At institutions with strong faculties and strong scholarly traditions, this may be a reasonably accurate picture, at least as far as basic research is concerned. "Our freedom to perform whatever research we want is absolutely unimpaired," Arthur W. Galston, a Yale biologist, said recently in a panel discussion of sponsored research. "It just ain't necessarily so that Federal support means Federal control."

It would be remarkable, however, if professors were not sometimes influenced, in choosing what kind of research to undertake, by the old adage, "Don't marry for money; go where money is and then marry for love." Sidney G. Roth, Coordinator of Research Services at New York University, has asked rhetorically, "Can we ever measure the number of creative scientists who left a promising field of scholarship because it lacked support, in favor of a 'more interesting' field which was particularly 'hot' that year and thereby drew a good level of support?" One clear indication that some professors are going where the money is may be found in the kinds of applied research being performed at universities, often under grants from industry. Michigan State, to cite one illuminating example, recently accepted a $6,600 grant from the Telegraph Delivery Service of Beverly Hills, California, "to conduct research to determine the extent to which negative influences affect the sale of flowers and plants, and to determine the ways of combating these negative influences."

There is a widespread impression, too, that the professor's new patrons are biased, as the A.C.L.U. put it, against "the highly individualistic investigator who contemplatively follows the paths into which his idle curiosity directs him." Certainly, the archetype of the sponsored professor is not the lone wolf but the scientist-administrator who runs a big team-research project.

THE PROLIFERATION of such projects raises problems of its own. One is the problem of what is sometimes called the "second faculty." Its members are scholars, scientists, and engineers who work on research projects under the direction of, or in association with, a professor, but who do not themselves belong to the faculty. Princeton's current catalogue, for instance, lists some ninety research associates—men and women who for the most part already have their Ph.D.s, and who are affiliated with enterprises such as the Federally supported Project Matterhorn, Princeton's ambitious attempt to produce usable power by thermonuclear fusion. There are now some five thousand such researchers on university campuses, and their number is increasing.

The second faculty might seem to be sitting pretty. Its members often are paid more than regular faculty members of comparable experience and attainments. In addition, they have reached the goal aimed at by many a member of the first faculty—a job that is all research and no teaching. But the non-faculty researcher lacks an important prerogative of the professor: the security of academic tenure. He may rightly assume that if the project on which he is employed should be discontinued, a place will somehow be made for him, perhaps by rustling up funds for another project. Nevertheless, in theory he can be let go at short notice if a research contract should be canceled, and this possibility has inspired one authority to describe the non-faculty researcher as a "human shock absorber." The second faculty's equivocal position is underscored by the fact that its members are often denied the amenities of the faculty club.

The vogue for elaborate research projects is also having a powerful effect on graduate education. The professor who heads a big research undertaking gets most of his help not from members of the second faculty but from students. Indeed, one of the advantages of team research is that it provides jobs each year for tens of thousands of students who can simultaneously earn a living wage and a doctor's degree. But this arrangement may have serious drawbacks. The student who satisfies his thesis requirements by helping a professor on a big research project may be deprived of what should be an important part of his education: the chance to find and delimit a problem of his own and then to work up a plan for solving it.

The graduate student may often, to put it bluntly, be helping his professor more than himself. For a forthcoming study of graduate education, Bernard Berelson of Columbia University questioned 2,300 recent recipients of doctoral degrees about their experience as graduate students. Among other things, he asked if they thought that "major professors often exploit doctoral candidates by keeping them as research assistants too long, by subordinating their interests to departmental or the professor's interest in research programs, etc." Of the holders of science degrees who answered the question, forty-six per cent said they agreed with the statement.

The Punctilio of Proposal

One of the most disagreeable side effects of sponsored research is its tendency to turn scholars and scientists into bookkeepers, administrators, negotiators, and proposal writers. There are many thousands of professors, of course, whose demands for money and equipment are modest and whose sponsors are relatively undemanding. A professor of biology who quietly studies slime molds under the sponsorship of the National Science Foundation recently estimated that he spends not more than an hour and a half a year writing reports and otherwise keeping his patron satisfied. A chemist notes that whereas his sponsor has lately been asking for quarterly status reports, he hasn't been penalized for neglecting to file them. But sponsors can be less permissive, and even research programs of a fairly simple nature may involve a lot of administrative chores. A physicist at an Eastern university, whose department looks to the Federal government for two-thirds of its operating income, figures that he and his colleagues spend at least ten per cent of their time keeping track of the government's money,

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going to Washington on what he describes as "sales trips," and preparing new research proposals.

Research proposals pose especially difficult problems. Before the war, when most research funds were allocated locally and informally, a paragraph or two often sufficed to outline a project. In today's impersonal and bureaucratic climate, a research proposal may fill seven or eight single-spaced typewritten pages. At many universities, professors known to have a knack for devising businesslike budgets or for striking the right note of dignified urgency in a proposal are overwhelmed by demands for help from less gifted colleagues. Some proposals are professionally ghosted. A scientific magazine recently carried an advertisement seeking a "financial administrator" for a university research group of twenty scientists; the ad specified that applicants must be experienced in writing up proposals.

Professors are called on to evaluate as well as to write proposals, and when they go to Washington it may not be to get money but to give it away. It has been estimated that more than a thousand scientists and scholars, at least half of them from colleges and universities, serve on advisory panels and committees that in effect decide who is to get Federal grants for basic research. Hundreds more professors pass on research proposals submitted to foundations or to organizations such as the Social Science Research Council.

Academic people are of two minds about these committees. Some look on them simply as an opportunity for certain professors to indulge in busywork, log rolling, and the pleasures of dispensing patronage. Others, while conceding that committee members may roll a log now and then, are inclined to think that a man who wants a research grant is better off submitting a proposal to a group of scientists than to a government administrator—or, for that matter, to an obtuse or hostile dean or department head at his own university.

Adventurers and Empires

In their recent book *The Academic Marketplace,* Theodore Caplow and Reece J. McGee introduce a character they call the Gentleman Adventurer. "A carefree and somewhat irresponsible sort," they write, "the adventurer is a latecomer on the academic scene and wanders from realm to realm singing, telling stories, and doing well-sponsored contract research. When his record of being able to secure foundation support is sufficiently gaudy to emblazon on his shield, he becomes a chairman . . ."

The Gentleman Adventurer, a ubiquitous figure in the age of sponsored research, may be a department chairman, as Caplow and McGee suggest, or he may be found heading a university research institute or posing as a research professor. He is often referred to as a promoter, an enterpriser, an operator, or a research broker, and he is sought after because of the rich benefits he can bestow, through his command of outside research funds, on the university that is lucky enough to land him.

At many institutions, professorial adventuring and empire building are strongly encouraged. At Michigan State, Milton E. Muelder, dean of the School for Advanced Graduate Studies and vice-president for Research Development, speaks of encouraging professors to work up broad interdisciplinary research programs, and of "organizing the competence and skills of the entire faculty for getting greater resources." A young political scientist at another university states the position more succinctly: "If you're a department head and you're not getting any money for your boys you're likely to be ignored by the administration."

Sketching the portrait of the professor as an entrepreneur is a popular sport on many campuses. Here, for instance, is what a sociologist has to say about the exploits of his former department head, together with some observations on sociological research:

"B——— was a real pirate, just the kind of man the president wanted. He had a phenomenal capacity for raising money. In fact, he got us so much of it we didn't know what to do with it. You see, he not only set up new research bureaus, but he went around to a lot of existing bureaus here at the university—the Institute of Community Development, the Bureau of Highway Traffic Safety, the labor and industrial-relations people—and sold them on getting sociologists to do research for them. There are thirty of us, instructors and up, in the department. By the time B——— was finished, only two had to teach full-time; all the rest were working half-time or more on research.

"We were doing so much research we just didn't have time to milk the stuff for its scholarly implications. Inevitably a lot of the stuff we got into was hogwash—though from a public-relations point of view, I suppose research projects are never hogwash. And I must admit a few people got their teeth into things that really interested them, even if the sponsor didn't always get what he expected. One of our people made a study for the highway traffic bureau. He was interested in role conflict, and it was a study of role conflict in the state police. He finally got up a report, and the highway people said, 'That's fine. We never knew all that before. But how can it help us cut down on traffic accidents?' Our fellow got very indignant. He drew himself up and said, 'Listen, I'm a sociologist, not a goddam traffic expert!' "

At some rich and old universities, blatant empire building is considered bad taste. "There's a general hypothesis here that a man will *not* build an empire," McGeorge Bundy, dean of the faculty of arts and sciences at Harvard, told a visitor this spring, adding that while research institutes clearly have a place in universities, "on the whole we want people who don't want institutes."

But even at the most heavily ivied institutions a professor may be highly valued for his fund-raising ability. And if he leaves for a job at another university he may be considered a

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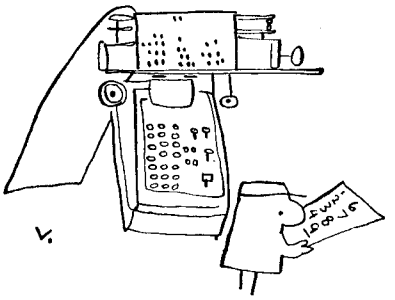
traitor—like the account executive who moves to another agency and takes a big client with him.

The Business of Learning

Back in the early 1920's, a former president of the American Chemical Society has observed, "the leaders in our university chemistry departments considered it a pollution of science for an academic man to have industrial contacts . . . Before they passed away . . . many of them actually held consulting positions with industry." Members of professional faculties, of course, have always combined consulting with teaching. Now industry and government are asking for (and getting) advice not only from professors of engineering and marketing but also from physicists, mathematicians, biologists, psychologists, economists, sociologists, and political scientists. Caplow and McGee studied 215 faculty job vacancies in the liberal-arts departments of ten major universities, and found that opportunities for outside consulting went with no less than eighty-eight per cent of the jobs in science departments. The figure was almost as high in social-science departments: eighty-two per cent. In short, except in the innermost chambers of the ivory tower where the humanists live, consulting has now become part of the professorial way of life.

Most professors who consult are retained by private industry. Fees generally run from $150 to $300 a day, and some professors get $500. Even though most universities expect professors to limit their consulting to one day a week, at these rates one can earn a handsome sum in the course of a year. A psychologist who was recently offered a professorship at a West Coast university with a salary of $14,000 was practically guaranteed an additional $14,000 in consulting fees. Sir Hugh Taylor, dean emeritus of the Graduate School at Princeton and for many years a consultant to duPont (he is a chemist), recently observed that it is not too hard for a chemistry professor at Princeton to double his salary by consulting. "I know a chemist," he added, "who boasts that he uses his university salary to pay the income tax on his consulting fees." It is only an occasional professor who can honestly make such a boast. But the number who augment their salaries by a quarter to a half probably runs far up into the thousands.



Industrial consulting takes varied forms. A physicist may be retained simply to show up periodically at a company's research laboratories and spend a day or two chatting with the company's house physicists. (One firm with particularly good pay and working arrangements is referred to by physicists at an Eastern university as Generous Dynamics.) Political scientists are brought in as lecturers by corporations teaching their managers how to take part in politics. Companies with anti-trust problems hire economists to analyze pricing practices. One participant in the recent Tulsa anti-trust case, in which twenty-nine oil companies were acquitted of conspiring to raise prices, got the impression that the defendants had called in just about every one of the country's leading academic experts on the economics of competition and monopoly.

Corporate personnel programs are often fleshed out with academic consultants. Psychologists are retained to give courses in "group dynamics," to advise on the selection of people for overseas posts, to study the impact of automation on semi-skilled workers, to figure out why employees are unhappy, and simply to serve as "resource persons." Last year, for example, the Esso Standard Division of Humble Oil, an affiliate of Standard Oil (N.J.), employed as consultants in its personnel programs a total of fifty psychologists, sociologists, and anthropologists, who put in a grand total of 1,728 man-days working for the company. All but seven members of the group were from universities.

Calling in a professor may have, at least from the employer's point of view, the air of a command performance. A distinguished scholar may be invited by a big company to discuss recent trends in, say, foreign trade at an informal seminar for ranking company officers. Contrasting with this kind of high-level conspicuous consumption is the case of a psychologist, highly regarded in academic circles, who was retained by two big corporations to read television scripts and predict their probable effect on viewers. Caplow and McGee report an instance in which an advertising agency wanted help from an anthropologist in choosing the right totem poles to be displayed on a cereal box.

Dog Food and Feedback

A professor's loyalty to the company that retains him can raise serious problems. A variety of these have been catalogued by Herbert Longenecker of the University of Illinois, who was assigned a few years ago by the Association of American Universities to look into extracurricular activities and earnings of university faculty members. Longenecker came across professors who steered graduate students into investigating problems of interest to their own employers; professors who picked colleagues' brains for ideas and information which they then passed along to their employers; and professors retained simply to give a company first crack at the results of university research. He also learned of a departmental chairman who insisted that other members of the department consult, if at all, only with the company by which he himself was retained. "The reluctance of other companies to place funds for basic research in this department is understandable," Longenecker says.

Professors also consult with labor unions, act as arbitrators, and, in increasing numbers, are called in to advise government officials. However distasteful the term "brain trust" may be to members of the present administration, professorial consultants are omnipresent in the Federal establishment: writing memoranda on tax policy, drafting speeches, evaluating Eastern European intelligence, lecturing at the Army War College, and giving their ideas on diplomatic strategy, weapons systems, and the management of the national debt.

In addition, many professors act

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as consultants to the United Nations, or to organizations such as the Congress of Cultural Freedom or the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith. Wilbert Moore, professor of sociology at Princeton, recalled this spring that in the past year his travels as a consultant (and conferee) had taken him to Paris for a round-table conference on the social consequences of industrialization; to Santiago for a two-week conference on urbanization in Latin America; to Cairo for another session on industrialization; and to Geneva to discuss a survey of industry in underdeveloped areas. Most of this peregrination was under UNESCO auspices, Moore noted, adding: "I'm sort of on the UNESCO travel circuit these days."

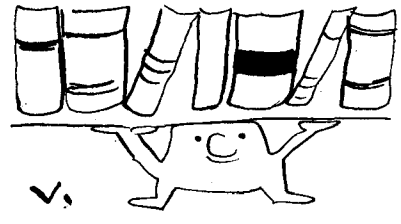
Attending scientific or scholarly conferences generally does not pay as well as industrial consulting, but competition is boosting the conferee's emoluments. One foundation executive, for instance, while planning a scientific conference to be held this summer, learned that a government agency—with its eye on very much the same group of scientists—was organizing a conference on a related topic, to run for six weeks, at which the participants were to be paid a sum equal to one-third of their annual salaries. The foundation, while it felt unable to match the government's terms, came up with an impressive package deal of its own. In addition to a base salary of $1,500 a month, it offered each participant $8 a day for housing, $15 a day as a "dislocation allowance," and free transportation to and from the conference site for his family.

The need to supplement low academic salaries is only one of the reasons why professors consult. When a group of sociologists were asked a few years back about their extracurricular activities, more than ninety per cent of those who consulted said that even if their salaries were much higher they would go on doing so. Professors point out that consulting can be exciting, intellectually stimulating, and good for their teaching. On the other hand, there is some justified skepticism in academic life about the merits and propriety of certain kinds of consulting. "There's a lot of brave talk about classroom feedback, and we're all flattered by the interest the outside world is taking in us," a psychologist says. "But when you get involved even indirectly in helping some guy figure out how to sell more dog food, what happens to your image of yourself as an academic man?"

Many consulting jobs obviously impose no strain on the conscience. The demographer who advises the United Nations' Population Commission, or the historian who writes a memorandum on Soviet-American relations at the request of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, cannot be charged with putting his learning and skill to trivial uses. But even in the service of high-minded causes it is easy to get caught up in the current mania for holding conferences. Some professors are selective about the invitations they accept. ("I find that it's good for one's status to say 'No' occasionally," a young political scientist observes.) Others, however, take enthusiastically to riding the conference circuit as a way of seeing the world—and of avoiding work. "The circuit rider may become an itinerant missionary with very little to preach about," a veteran round-tabler remarked.

Academic Remittance Men

One new form of extracurricular activity that is worth special mention is the overseas mission. More than a thousand faculty members are



abroad this year taking part in the hundreds of programs now being operated in foreign countries by American colleges and universities. The most important of these are the so-called Point Four programs—those financed wholly or in part by the International Cooperation Administration and involving the wholesale exportation of professors assigned to improve or reform among other things business education in France, economic education in Chile, and the art of public administration in Vietnam, Italy, and Turkey.

A number of ICA programs in Europe and Turkey are subjected to close scrutiny in a new book called *Is the World Our Campus?* Its authors, Walter Adams and John A. Garraty, are both professors: Adams, an economist, is at Michigan State, and Garraty teaches history at Columbia. Their report is disillusioning. Some professors staffing our Point Four programs, they suggest, are actually remittance men: incompetents who are in effect paid with Federal funds to stay away from their home campuses. Many others seem less concerned with the altruistic aims of the programs than in the pay and perquisites of an overseas job, which include incentive pay, hardship differentials, and other allowances that can double a professor's regular salary; diplomatic license plates and frequent invitations to embassy receptions; and commissary Scotch at $1.75 a fifth.

"Some projects, to be sure, are staffed by able, conscientious, and hard-working scholars," the authors concede, "but the over-all average is low. Too many overseas operatives are mediocrities, fed up with academic routine and in need of extra cash. . . . Many, once they have had the experience [of an overseas assignment], cannot get it out of their blood. They hire themselves out to different projects in different universities. They join the growing ranks of a new class—what one professor has called 'the expatriate academic bums.' They become part of a mercenary army that lacks purpose, morale, and zeal. . . ."

Humanism Doesn't Pay

In the new affluence and bustle of academic life, the humanities professor often feels like a poor relation. "The humanist gets the idea nobody loves him," a professor of English said recently. "He gets obsessed with the injustice of the world. He becomes convinced that in a world gone mad for science, he is the sole custodian of the torch of learning."

The humanist is not left out of things to quite the extent that this might indicate. Even in departments of English and history there is a good deal of coming and going nowadays. Historians are called on to lecture to staff officers, to advise the State Department on, say, Ger-

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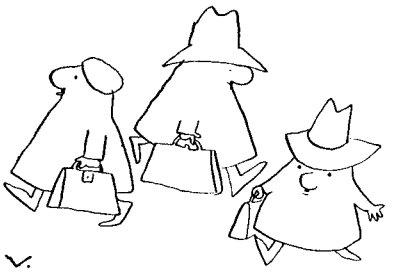
man-Russian relations, and to write scripts for the Voice of America. Specialists in American studies are in brisk demand as Fulbright lecturers at foreign universities. Professors of English and history and philosophy roam the world under the auspices of the U.S. Information Agency, lecturing, mingling, and generally acting as salesmen of American culture. In addition, each year hundreds of humanities scholars are awarded fellowships for study and research. This year's Guggenheim Fellows, for example, include not only writers, artists, and composers—who are also doing an unprecedented amount of subsidized traveling these days—but also professors embarked on enterprises such as "Studies Toward a Narrative and Interpretive History of the Italian Renaissance" and "A Critical Study of the Metaphysical Aspects of Cosmology."

Indeed, some of the most renowned academic wanderers are in the humanities. At Harvard, for instance, a recent listing of the twenty best-traveled members of the faculty of arts and sciences included three historians, two philosophers, two professors of English, and one professor of fine arts. At Michigan State, one of the leading absentees is Herbert Weisinger, a professor of English whose specialty is the Renaissance. In one period of eight years he was away from Michigan for four. He spent one year at the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, two years in London as a senior research Fellow at the Warburg Institute (he was writing a book on the roots of tragedy in myth and ritual), and one year at Brown University as a Howard Foundation Fellow. Weisinger has turned down two offers to go to Israel as a Fulbright Fellow.

But this sort of mobility is pretty well limited to the very topmost layer of humanistic society. The average journeyman humanist is at a distinct disadvantage as compared with his counterpart in, say, chemistry or economics. His teaching load is heavier and he has a more difficult time earning money on the outside. In general, he does his research the hard way, scrimping and saving in order to spend a few weeks of his own time in a library in another city. (A physicist, by contrast, may be free to fly at government expense, and in effect on government time, to confer periodically with colleagues at other universities thousands of miles away.)

THE PLIGHT of the humanist has not escaped the attention of the foundations. Conferences have been organized to discuss ways and means of boosting his stock, and grants have been made for scholarly projects employing his services. One of the most ambitious of these is now under way at Princeton, where the



Ford Foundation is investing $335,000 in "A Critical Analysis of American Humanistic Scholarship in the Last Quarter of a Century"—the analysis to be made, needless to say, by humanistic scholars (from other universities as well as Princeton) temporarily freed from teaching. Bernard Berelson of Columbia, who as a former Ford Foundation executive was instrumental in founding the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences at Palo Alto, has suggested that serious consideration be given to the establishment of a special humanities center: a think tank not only for professors of English and Greek but also for "men of affairs who make important decisions involving ethical concerns, working humanists in the writing and publishing field, men of law, and so on."

But most humanists are less interested in making studies of humanistic scholarship, or in hanging out for a year with publishers and Wall Street lawyers, than in simply having more chance to study and write. Some universities are trying to meet this need by allocating their own research funds primarily to the humanities, leaving the scientists and social scientists for the most part to find outside patrons. Princeton, for example, has a scheme whereby a small number of scholars in the humanities—about twelve in any one year—are relieved of roughly half their regular teaching loads to give them more time for research.

Few universities, however, have the funds to do much of this sort of thing. And a reasonable parity between humanists on the one hand and natural and social scientists on the other can probably be restored only if the universities can persuade their patrons to give money for the general support of scholarship and learning, and not just for specified research projects. (The Federal government is in fact beginning to make small grants that are not earmarked for specific projects. But even these funds are not really "free," since they can be used only in science departments.)

The 'Amorphous Giant'

In considering the changes taking place in academic life, what balance can be struck? On the one hand, professors have profited tremendously by the developments of the last ten or fifteen years. And while many of them undoubtedly dissipate their energies in extracurricular activities that are pointless and trivial, the larger role played by the professor in guiding practical affairs has obviously benefited society as well as himself.

On the other hand, as has been suggested, there are two aspects of the changing academic scene that trouble many observers—including many professors. One is the increasing dependence of universities on financial support from the Federal government (and to a lesser extent from foundations and corporations), and the threat this poses to their freedom to shape their own destinies. The other is the steady downgrading of the teacher and of teaching in university life.

At many a university, government-sponsored research brings in more money than tuition fees, and throughout the academic community, as Dean Weaver has written, "people find themselves somewhat uneasy in its sprawling presence." Weaver goes on to say: "Deep concern . . . arises from a feeling of sheer helplessness in the face of inexorable forces that seem to be sweeping our institutions along in a transforming tide, over which no one

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has any measurable influence, let alone effective control."

There are many reasons for this uneasiness and concern. While few professors or administrators question the principle of Federal aid for university research, there are many who question the way it has been given. As noted, the present system has tended to reward academic promoters, to turn scholars and scientists into reluctant proposal writers and administrators, and to favor unduly the big team-research project.

But it is not only the relations between individual professors and their patrons in Washington that are causing concern. More importantly, the flow of Federal funds is operating in a haphazard and unplanned way to reshape the universities themselves—and indeed the structure of higher education in America.

For one thing, without anyone intending that it should do so, Federal aid has tended to make big and strong institutions even bigger and stronger. In 1953-1954, the last year for which a breakdown is available, fourteen institutions got fifty-five per cent of all Federal funds for on-campus university research; ninety per cent went to these fourteen institutions plus forty others.

Furthermore, while strengthening certain institutions—those with the best researchers and research facilities—and leaving others to fend for themselves, the Federal government has at the same time influenced the allocation of resources *within* the universities it does patronize. This has taken place largely as a result of the government's failure in many instances to pay the full overhead costs of research projects it is supporting. In some cases universities have made up the difference by in effect robbing the humanities of support. Even where this sort of robbery does not occur, the humanities are impoverished relatively, if not absolutely, by the fact that practically all government support goes to natural scientists and engineers. With this situation in mind, the Canadian government has recently appropriated large sums for the general support of non-science departments of Canadian universities, and many educators in this country would like Congress to follow suit.

Finally, as Weaver implies, universities are losing control over their own evolution and growth. This is not to suggest that this control is being usurped by a cabal in Washington. The point is rather that in their need for funds and their desire to serve society in ways that society values, universities have been taking on projects and programs with an undiscriminating zeal that recently led John Gardner, president of the Carnegie Corporation, to compare them to badly organized supermarkets.

This point was stated in more formal terms early last month by John A. Perkins, president of the University of Delaware, and Daniel Wood, his administrative assistant. In a paper prepared for the seventeenth American Assembly, held under the auspices of Columbia, they warned that under the present helter-skelter system of Federal support higher education "may become an amorphous giant . . . controlled neither by the central government nor by the trustees and faculties traditionally responsible for it."

Who Will Do the Teaching?

Perhaps the most serious question raised by the professor's new role in society is the question of who is to teach the students. The professor's dashing forays into the outside world may well give new bite and glamour to his performance in the classroom. But they also mean that he is in the classroom much less than he used to be. When he is away in Stockholm or Athens or Samarkand, his courses have to be omitted or taught by substitutes. The graduate student who goes to a university to study under a particular great man, and then discovers that the great man is going to be away for two of the next three years, understandably feels betrayed.

Even a professor nominally in residence may have little time for his students. In his study of graduate education, Berelson reports that nearly half the recent recipients of doctoral degrees he questioned agreed that "one basic trouble with graduate school is that faculty members do not consider the students as their main responsibility." No doubt there have always been many graduate students who felt this way. Significantly, however, half the faculty members questioned by Berelson tended to agree with the students—at least to the extent of conceding that outside activities increasingly were interfering with their professional duties as teachers.

Even more than administrative chores and committee work, the professor's own interest in research may conflict with his teaching. This is not a new problem. Nearly twenty years ago Logan Wilson observed in *The Academic Man* that the elite of the academic world looked on teaching "as a deflection from the 'higher' purposes of scholarship and science." Long before the age of sponsored research, the slogan "Publish or Perish!" was coined as an ironic warning to ambitious young scholars. But the new value placed on academic research by people outside the universities has inevitably, and strongly, fortified this attitude.

There are, of course, thousands of devoted teachers in American universities. And the gifted scholar or scientist may think of teaching not as a chore but as a highly desirable adjunct to research. "One reason for this, I think," J. Robert Oppenheimer has said, "is that in the relatively creative field, the fields where imagination is involved, in fields where you can't have any guaranty of success, it is nice to be paid for something different from having good ideas. It is nice to be able to get up and say, 'I will teach class today and be a genius tomorrow.'"

But it is for scholarship and research, not for teaching, that the plums are handed out. The productive scholar or researcher not only

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gets the best jobs at the best universities but all the new extracurricular prizes as well. The widespread use of the term "load" for teaching, and "my own work" for research, shows which side the professorial bread is buttered on. As Jacques Barzun, among others, has pointed out, the highest status in the academic world today unquestionably attaches to the professor who has managed to arrange his affairs so that he does no teaching at all.

ALL THIS may well foreshadow the extinction of the professor who is both teacher and scholar or teacher and scientist. "There is a good deal of encouragement at the moment of the idea that we must meet the shortage of teachers by dividing their functions," Douglas Knight, president of Lawrence College, has written. "There will be a few queen bee scholars, but the rest will busy themselves with the day's work of teaching . . ."

Such a division of labor might seem logical and convenient. But the dreary tone of those colleges where the faculty is hired only to teach, and where writing a book is considered an abuse of company time, suggests the danger of completely divorcing teaching from scholarship and science. At least at some institutions it would seem highly desirable to preserve a climate hospitable to the teacher-scholar. For all the demands being made on the university to help out with the work of the world, its chief responsibilities remain, of course, to enlarge human knowledge and understanding, and to transmit that knowledge and understanding to students.

There is reason to think that the man most gifted at enlarging knowledge may also be most successful at transmitting it. To quote Oppenheimer again: "The fellow who has been worrying about what makes a nucleus hang together, or what is the cause of the dark reaction in photosynthesis, or some other really tough scientific problem, comes to his teaching with a respect for learning, with respect for what other people have done before, and also with respect for ignorance—all of which makes him a far more sympathetic teacher than the fellow who is, by profession, a pedagogue."

AT HOME & ABROAD

Bubud's Defense Policy

EDWARD L. KATZENBACH

AS DIRECTOR of the Bureau of the Budget, sometimes cozily referred to as "Bubud," Maurice H. Stans controls the spending of some $80 billion and co-ordinates the legislation that the administration submits to Congress. Mr. Stans has authority. Those who have held his office before him have, on occasion, been the most powerful men in Washington—except, of course, for the President.

The director of the Bureau of the Budget is primarily interested in the Pentagon, if only because it

spends more money than other departments. In fact it is not the Secretary of Defense, Thomas H. Gates, Jr., who always makes the final decisions on what should be spent for the defense of the nation, even within the limits imposed on military spending by the administration and by Congress. Responsibility and authority for defense policy do not go hand in hand in the U.S. government. Secretary Gates has all of the first and some of the second, whereas Mr. Stans has none of the first and a great deal of the second.

A Submarine Submerged

The bureau's role in slowing the Navy's Polaris program illustrates the point. There is general agreement that the Polaris missile in combination with a nuclear-powered submarine is as fine a deterrent system against the possibility of a surprise nuclear attack as has been developed. For fiscal 1959, Congress voted $609 million over and above the sum asked for in the annual budget request submitted by the President. It was to be spent on Polaris submarines.

There was nothing haphazard about the $609-million sum. The figure seems in fact to have been provided Congress by the Navy at the former's request. It included money for four new Polaris-carrying submarines at roughly $100 million apiece plus additional support funds to get the boats out to sea. The bureau, however, decided the Navy was not ready to spend these funds. They were withheld from July 1, 1958, until December 30. By mid-December there was such clamor within the Department of Defense and such fury on Capitol Hill that the bureau capitulated—to an extent. It released funds for one additional submarine plus the support funds for the other three. However, the bureau continued to hold up $300.3 million until June 30, 1959. The result is that three Polaris submarines will be on station a year later than they could have been and, most people in the Department of Defense think, should have been.

"Actually," Director Stans testified earlier this year, "we have not impounded money which the Congress has appropriated that the agencies are in a position efficiently to spend." Furthermore, within Mr. Stans's own purview this is the solemn truth. The joker is that those who determine what "the agencies are in a position efficiently to spend" are on Bubud's staff. In addition to the money for Polaris subs, the bureau has held up money for a ballistic missile (the Army's Pershing), an Air Force fighter (the F-108), plus a number of other projects for which Congress has voted funds. Dennis Chavez, chairman of the Military Appropriations subcommittee of the Senate, once

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remarked, "It is common knowledge that most government agencies are scared green of the Budget Bureau." One can understand why.

THE BUREAU'S self-image is that of the benevolent autocrat—at least in private. On the public witness stand Bubud is rather more humble. For example, when a Congressional committee asked Mr. Stans just why he had unblushingly reversed the will of Congress in the matter of the Polaris subs, Mr. Stans immediately made the decision collective. "The reserving of that money was not a unilateral decision by the Bureau of the Budget," he told the House Appropriations Committee. "In fact," he went on, "it was a decision by the Secretary of Defense and the President, based on their determination that the technology had not advanced to the point in which the money could be effectively used."

Of course, the precept on which any thoughtful and enlightened director must work is that he is the President's servant. As a member of the Executive Office of the White House, Mr. Stans is an immediate member of the President's official family. Whatever power he has derives in the last analysis from the President. Whatever decisions he makes are, *ipso facto,* the President's.

The present importance of the Bureau of the Budget lies in the confidence President Eisenhower shows in Mr. Stans. Mr. Stans also has the confidence of Secretary of the Treasury Robert B. Anderson, who in turn is credited with having a primary influence in keeping the President's economic thinking in the same conservative rut. In other words, there is always a question whether the servant is not in fact the President's alter ego, one who makes the decisions for him.

Certainly there is serious doubt whether the Polaris decision was made on technical grounds. Or, to put the point more strongly, it was a technical decision made by the Bureau of the Budget in conjunction with the Office of the Secretary of Defense. The Navy, which is technically responsible for the Polaris program, never agreed to it. Moreover, the fact that once again this year the Chief of Naval Operations was asking Congress for more money for the Polaris system than was in the President's original budget request indicates that the Navy still believes that what is holding up the Polaris program is not technology but money.

The Blind Leading the Blind?

This, then, is the first question that must be raised regarding the bureau: Should it be making decisions or even suggestions or recommendations on technical research and development problems? For that matter, should congressmen make technical decisions through *their* control over the budget?

Few people seem to understand that the bureau does precisely what Congress does, in just the way that Congress does it.

Both Congress and the bureau question individual programs in detail. Both defend this approach on the ground that there is no way to evaluate the soundness of budget requests without knowing the detailed estimates on which the whole rests. Congress takes up an inordinate amount of the time of generals, admirals, and high-ranking civilian appointees. Bubud takes up an inordinate amount of the time and energy of those on the level of the Navy captain, Army and Air Force colonel, and Deputy Secretary of Defense.

Both make technical decisions without any great technical expertise. In fact, both shun military expertise. A congressman or a Bubud man with Army experience will, for instance, be given Navy and Air Force budgets to review. The thirty-four men in the Military Division of the Bureau of the Budget, of which Mr. William Schaub is chief, have an average length of bureau service of nine years. This is roughly equivalent to that of the congressmen who sit on the Military Appropriations subcommittee of the House and Senate. Among Congressional committees, Appropriations has the pick of those who sit on Capitol Hill, and Congress puts its best men on the budget. The bureau's men are good men too—most of them. On the whole, the military officers who have dealt with the bureau have respect for its employees.

OVER AND OVER again it is argued that although Congress has both a right and a duty to vote general funds to the Executive Branch, it should allow those with the responsibility for spending money to spend it as they see fit. And, in their turn, those in the military services argue that while the bureau should have the responsibility for pulling the budget together and making allocations among departments—Bubud was established in 1921 to do just that—they should not make decisions on individual military programs.

The real difference between the bureau and Congress is that Congress does less and does what it does do openly. The influence of the bureau is silently exerted when budgeteers talk behind closed doors to budgeteers. Its influence looms larger because of its influence on the allocation process. When a military man talks to a bureau man about a request for new obligational authority, he is talking to a man who controls its spending. The influence of the bureau is exerted as simply as that—at least when the director has the President's ear and can stop spending despite a departmental appeal.

Bubud is one section of the bureaucracy that uses typewriter paper

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sparingly. While one knows of Bubud disapproval, through the submission of questions to be answered and criticisms for comment, its approvals are seldom committed to writing. The ax is kept hanging.

Suspense Story

There is a story of a long conference between a military officer and a representative of the bureau. It seems that the officer finally persuaded the Bubud man to say that the figure for a certain program sounded reasonable. On the way out of the conference both walked down the hall to the men's room. There the worried officer asked the bureau man whether he would put the acceptable figure on paper. Surprisingly, the latter acquiesced. But when the promised letter of confirmation arrived it read: "Dear Joe, as far as I am concerned the figure you mentioned in the men's room the other day will be satisfactory. . . ." The figure itself was never mentioned.

The bureau's silent influence is felt at every stage of the budget process except one—when it is submitted to Congress. Bureau influence may be greatest in the first stage, when the so-called "guide lines" are drawn up. In effect the guide lines determine how much money the Department of Defense will be able to spend. They are decided on after a number of conferences in which the Secretary of Defense and the director of the Bureau of the Budget plus his colleague the Secretary of the Treasury participate. The influence of the Secretary of Defense in the process is indicated by the fact that the only item in the U.S. economy whose cost remains almost constant is national defense—even though the cost of everything in it goes up!

The bureau's influence on the second stage is more difficult to trace. For in this stage the individual service budgets are drawn up within the boundaries of the guide lines as already decided. The bureau representatives confer directly with representatives of the services and the Defense Department. This review process has been spoken of as a meeting of the Budget Mafia. It is difficult to say with any precision just what does go on—the participants' views of the roles they play are too much at odds. One Defense Department representative feels that all Bubud does is to "nit-pick" decisions, ask questions, and raise objections. According to him, bureau men come in each year with a list of cutbacks to peddle. But of the programs the bureau wants cut out of the budget, he claims that only about five per cent do get thrown out, and that, furthermore, these are the ones that Defense Department comptrollers had already decided against. "Those Bubud people have no influence around here," he says. "As a matter of fact, you don't even have to be polite to them." Those at the military service level are convinced, however, that bureau personnel influence Defense comptrollers far more than they later admit.

THE BUBUD PEOPLE, on the other hand, feel that the budget-review structure of the Defense Department is weak and that their influence lies largely in getting the department to think along program budget lines, i.e., in terms of complete programs. Bureau men believe they keep budgets "realistic." The bureau personnel try to make sure, for instance, that programs are synchronized and that all components of a program, including maintenance, are included in a budget request.

Moreover, bureau personnel are given credit for having accomplished much in this direction. Of course they are limited in what they can do because some of the military budget is included in the budgets of other departments and agencies. For example, the bombs of the Strategic Air Command are in the Atomic Energy Commission budget. Furthermore, all budget requests are not in the original budget. In the last fiscal year, $9,945 million was asked of Congress after the original budget was submitted!

In this phase of the budget process Mr. Stans's subordinates may not be restricting themselves to program funding any more than he does himself. Certainly, bureau personnel have strong views on strategy—and apparently have sold them to Mr. Stans.

Like his subordinates, Mr. Stans asks questions of the Department of Defense. He fires them directly to the Secretary. A few months ago, for example, he asked whether it was not possible to reduce the number of troops in Europe. Such a reduction, he pointed out, would save a great deal of expense. His assumption was that since any attack on Europe would bring on a nuclear war, the Army troops stationed there could be cut back. If one adopts the thesis of his chief subordinates that there is no future for limited war, a thesis which Mr. Stans has apparently accepted, then only a token force is necessary. This assumption leads Mr. Schaub, Bubud's military chief, to conclude that as missiles come into inventory, the Defense budget will drop—as much as a third by 1970. In this line of thought Mr. Schaub is as lonely as a whooping crane. The power of the purse being what it is, Mr. Stans is potentially a maker of foreign as well as of fiscal policy. Indeed, this highlights the greatest objection to the bureau—that it tries to make policy through the purse.

Sins of Omission

But claim and counterclaim aside, how much influence does the bureau have on the programs of the services? The bureau has great influence in establishing the ceilings beyond which the military cannot spend. Despite Mr. Stans's disclaimer—"I don't think there was any control of the military budget for financial considerations"—the bureau, along with the Treasury, sets the military budget. The bureau also has great influence when it comes to *not* spending any money that Congress has voted over and above the amount requested by the President. It has considerable real power in the matter of withholding funds—again despite Mr. Stans's disclaimer to the effect that "At the present time . . . we are not withholding any money that any of the agencies

(*Continued on page 30*)

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have requested." However, the bureau seems to have less effect on the outcome of the joint review by the Defense Department and the bureau than Mr. Stans and Mr. Schaub would like.

YET WHAT the Bureau of the Budget does is probably not so important as what it does not do. If the bureau says "No" to certain spending, should it not also encourage spending? If it can see where money should not be spent, should it not also be able to see where money should be spent? Yet the only time Bubud has suggested spending, according to Mr. Schaub—who has been with the bureau's military branch since the end of the Second World War—was when it gave the Navy $10 million extra for anti-submarine warfare several years ago. Generally speaking, as Mr. Schaub says bluntly, "We are not in the business of encouraging spending."

Moreover, neither the bureau nor any of the comptrollers has been altogether successful in the area in which they claim they do best—budgeting for a whole program. The major busts have never been caught by the budgeteers. The big missile programs—Snark, Navajo, and more recently Bomarc—were passed, the money allocated, and only very belatedly canceled. The Navy's seaplane effort, the P6M program, was responsible for major spending before it was finally abandoned. The B-70, the supersonic Air Force bomber, was developed at enormous expense before it was discontinued. In an era of technological explosion no one can be sure that big spending will not result in big wastes. Inherent in our defense program are major gambles for a breakthrough, and many of the gambles never pay off. But there is considerable doubt as to whether bureau men—public administration experts, accountants, lawyers—are qualified to make an assessment of technical matters.

Neither the bureau nor any other responsible budget authority ever pays any attention to one other major area of waste—the waste Congress writes into the budget. At the most conservative estimate, there is about $2 billion of wholly political spending in the defense budget. Congress insists that bases be kept open which the services would like to close. Congress insists that economically depressed areas be supported no matter what the dollar cost. Programs such as the National Guard are financed at a level far above military requirements. For these things the bureau blames the Pentagon, and the Pentagon blames the public.

THERE IS one other area the bureau never enters, one more serious than all of the others. The Bureau of the Budget is responsible, subject to departmental review, for putting a price tag on all proposals to the National Security Council. Every new program has its price tag, its warning. But the bureau is not responsible for attaching another budget line to each proposed policy—a line that would explain the cost of *not* carrying it out. As Professor Harold Stein of Princeton wryly suggests, there is nothing in government that urges the necessity for action. One wonders sometimes if anyone ever mentions in the National Security Council that Napoleon's and Hitler's most disastrous military errors were made on the basis of out-of-date economic thinking.

The point gains in significance because of the Budget Director's notion of a national budget. "Except for its dimensions," Mr. Stans is on record as saying, "the Federal budget is parallel to a family's budget."

'Ya Amerikanski Zhournalist'

PAUL JACOBS

DESPITE the official hullabaloo in the Soviet Union over Francis Powers, American tourists were still receiving red-carpet treatment, by Russian standards, in the days immediately after the U-2 incident and the collapse of the summit.

Indeed, a visitor who was unable to read the Russian papers or understand the Russian radio might not have known about Powers's existence or of the world-wide sensation that followed his capture. With rare exceptions, the attitude of most Russians toward American tourists was just as friendly and polite after the incident as before. Any feeling of panic that existed among American visitors—and some was evident in the little groups that gathered in the hotel lobbies to discuss the event—was generated by Americans' own fears and not by the attitude of Russians.

Of course, the most favored visitors were the official delegations—the groups from all over the world that had come to the Soviet Union for the May Day celebration or simply to visit. They got the best of the universally bad restaurant service and the best of the very good theater seats set aside for foreigners. But even the ordinary tourist, with or without the help of a guide-interpreter, was given privileges not allowed the Russians. One night an American correspondent in Moscow and I stood outside a restaurant watching a group of slightly drunken Russians shouting at the man inside the door who had refused them admission. Suddenly we were spotted and the door opened. We were motioned inside and the Russians in the queue politely stood aside to let us through before resuming their shouting match with the man inside.

In the post offices and department stores, too, tourists were given far faster service than anyone else, and the phrase "I am an American" opened many doors ordinarily closed to Soviet citizens. Those doors continued to stay open after Khrushchev's announcement that an American plane had been brought down deep in Soviet territory.

The Magic Words

Even at the exhibit in Gorki Park, where the Russians displayed the remains of Powers's plane, politeness toward Americans was the rule. I had left Moscow for Soviet Asia im-

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mediately after the first announcement of the incident and then returned just too late to attend the opening of the press exhibit and the press conference at which Khrushchev indicated that Eisenhower would not be welcome in the Soviet Union. While I was in Asia, visiting the ancient cities of Tashkent and Samarkand, I had been asked an occasional question about the U-2, but in general the Uzbeks were far more interested in staring at a live American than they were in questions about a plane. One night, while the loudspeakers in Samarkand's public park were blaring speeches from Moscow denouncing the United States, I stood outside a fence with a large group of Uzbeks watching a small group of smartly dressed San Francisco women for whom a Red Army band was desperately trying to play American dance music. As soon as the people realized I was an American, they started to ask me questions about the fur jackets and lovely dresses the women were wearing, questions I tried to answer as best I could in my halting Russian.

During my trip to Asia the charges, replies, and new facets in the revelations about Powers had blown up the affair into a major incident. The morning after I returned to Moscow I went to Gorki Park and found the small building where the exhibit was being held. It had not yet been opened to the public and was ringed with militiamen who barred my way, firmly saying, "*Nyet, nyet.*" But when I identified myself and pronounced the open-sesame of *"Ya Amerikanski Zhournalist,"* the wall of militiamen opened and I was immediately ushered in, together with a group of high Soviet military officials and some foreign diplomats.

Inside, the same politeness prevailed, although there was a good deal of indignant clucking from a few Soviet officials as they looked at the exhibits: the tape recordings of the Russian radar signals, the aerial camera with its seven lenses, and the very good photographs taken with it that the Russians had developed, the complicated flight instruments, the survival kits, the large wing sections, the broken fuselage, and a photograph of the

poison nail. All these items and many more were carefully laid out on tables or mounted on stands, each described on cards in both Russian and English.

THE BIGGEST CROWD was gathered in front of Powers's personal gear—the junk that all men, including CIA agents, carry with them when they leave for their jobs. As I stood in the rear of the clot of people looking at this part of the exhibit, a militia officer asked me who I was and, on hearing my explanation, asked the crowd to let me through. Good-naturedly under the circumstances, they did allow me to get up front so that I could more easily see what up-to-date espionage agents carry in their wallets inside their space suits while flying high-altitude missions over the Soviet Union.

There were identification cards—one from the Air Force Reserve, one from a draft board, and a CAA pilot instrument rating card. There were also Powers's Social Security card and some pictures of his family. He also had with him his membership card in a Masonic lodge, an eighty-five-cent book of air-mail stamps, a card listing the appropriate gifts for wedding anniversaries, an old receipt for a car he'd rented in Germany, and business cards given him by people back in Virginia.

After watching some Russians carefully making note of all these items on pads, I drifted over to a different section of the exhibit where another large crowd had gathered. Once more, they politely made way for me to see the display of watches, rings, and money Powers carried with him, like any trader wanting to make friends with the natives. His two packets of ruble notes, in large denominations, were each neatly wrapped in manila paper and were placed underneath a sign whose Russian explanation had been translated into English as "Money for Grafting Russians."

As I left the exhibit, there was a crowd of Muscovites standing behind the wall of militiamen, all staring at the people coming out of the building just as they gather to stare at the foreigners who attend receptions at the embassies in Moscow. It was clear that when the exhibit was opened to the public it would be a great attraction, and I heard later that the lines of people going in were so long that it took about six hours to get inside. But the crowd was well-behaved and their interest seemed more good-natured than indignant although there was always an element of bewilderment in the questions they asked Americans about the incident.

A Quiet Hour in the Park

"Why did the Americans send that plane over the Soviet Union?" one Russian man asked me at 2 A.M. in the Moscow airport where I'd gone to get a 3 A.M. flight to Stalingrad. We were sitting at the same table in the airport restaurant, surrounded by groggy fellow travel-

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ers. I found it difficult to explain to him, not only because of my bad Russian and his inability to speak or understand any other language but also because most Russians know very little of their own country's espionage activities. The names of Colonel Abel, Klaus Fuchs, and the Rosenbergs are unfamiliar in the Soviet Union. But even though I was not able to explain why the Americans sent the plane over the Soviet Union, the Russian shook hands with me as I left and wished me a good journey.

The next day in Stalingrad, the day before Khrushchev left for Paris, I watched a "spontaneous" mass protest meeting that took place in the Square of Fallen Heroes. It was late in the afternoon and tinny loudspeakers played music as the crowd began to gather, marching into the square from work. One group rushed along the street with two women frantically holding onto their flapping banner and skidded into the square as the first speech was already under way.

There was only a scattering of applause after each of the five or six speeches, and during the meeting many people contented themselves with sitting in the park adjoining the square, reading their newspapers, gossiping, or eating ice cream. A few stood drinking soda water they had bought from a woman vendor whose little stand shaded by an umbrella stood on the sidewalk, its gas cylinder, daintily covered with a lace wrapper, resting on the pavement.

At the end of the speeches, a motion was made from the platform denouncing American spying and praising Khrushchev on his mission to Paris. In the square itself, in the park, and on the sidewalk, hands hastily went up in approval of the motion and dropped down just as quickly. The whole meeting took about an hour, and fifteen minutes later the square was empty again. Only the soda-water vendor remained on the sidewalk.

Cruising on the Volga

So it went all that week—far more peacefully inside Russia than in the world outside. For two days and nights, I went slowly down the Volga and the Don, through the Volga-Don canal on a small paddle-wheel steamer that, like a Mississippi river boat, stopped at all the small towns to pick up and discharge people and cargo. I was the only foreigner on the boat and the first American most of the other passengers had ever seen. A few minutes after we had left the dock in Stalingrad, late in the afternoon, there was a knock on my cabin door. It was the captain, politely introducing himself and the "director" of the craft's restaurant. That night I stood on deck answering dozens of questions about the United States put to me by thirty young engineering students, boys and girls, on their way to their first jobs. Their leader spoke very good German and many of them understood either German or English, so that our discussion was carried on far more easily than if we had been forced to depend on my Russian. Not once that night did the U-2 come up, and it was not until well into the next day that we began discussing politics while we sat in the saloon, looking out at the broad river outside. When the steamer stopped at the tiny villages or small towns where the people still get their water in buckets from the river, I was always surrounded if I left the ship and stood on the barges that are used for docks; surrounded by men in caps and boots and women in kerchiefs and boots, both with quilted cotton jackets—the peasants of Russia who looked unchanged from Czarist days.

They stood and looked at me and hesitantly asked the students what I was. If they knew of the U-2 incident they gave no sign of it but only pressed around to look at me, admiring my clothes and the tiny German camera I carried. Only once during that languid trip down the river did I sense any feeling of antagonism, and that from a Communist Party official who boarded the ship at one of the larger towns. The second night while I was drinking beer and talking in the dining room with six of the students, the party official looked up and asked the students why they were spending so much time with the American.

"Because we've never met an American before," they answered, "and we like this one." The party official interrupted in very rapid Russian, of which I could just get a glimpse of understanding before the sense of it rushed past me. I heard the words "Eisenhower" and "Parige" and knew that he was talking about the summit meeting, which had been scheduled to open that day. Finally I asked in German what he had said and was told that Eisenhower had not come to Paris for the meeting.

My young friends were shocked into silence and so was I. They kept asking me for explanations and I had no answer. It was not until the next morning when we heard a radio broadcast and found a newspaper in one of the larger towns that we discovered the party man had not been telling the truth. Later that day, I asked him why he had told the students that Eisenhower hadn't come and he answered that he had misunderstood a radio broadcast. But it was clear that to him I was the enemy.

I was not the enemy to anyone else aboard, though, and I parted from the students with exchanges of gifts, autographs in books, and obviously genuine wishes from them for peace and friendship.

In Kiev, a few days later, I met

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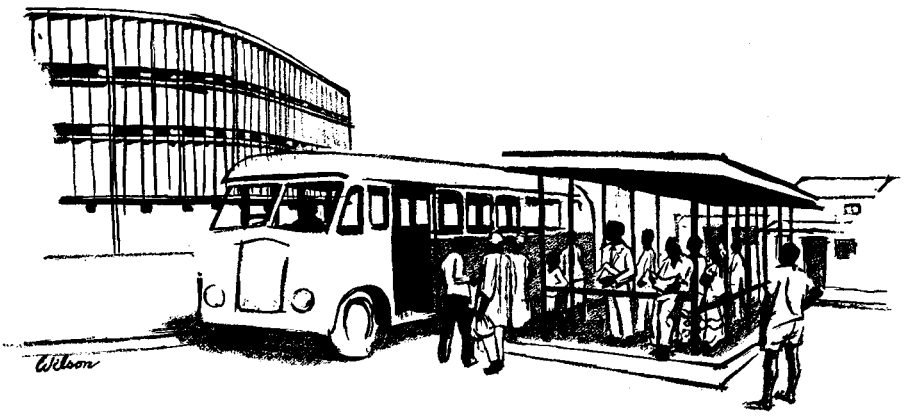
two Ukrainians with whom I spent almost seventy-two hours of talking, eating, drinking, laughing, and arguing. By this time the summit meeting had collapsed, and they asked me, over and over, why I thought Khrushchev had gone to Paris when he could just as easily have done what he did do from Moscow. Obviously, they weren't the only people in the Soviet Union asking that question, because within a day *Pravda* had reprinted two columns by Walter Lippmann, explaining why Mr. K. had gone to Paris even though he proceeded to wreck the meeting.

There were other unanswered questions from these two men. "Why," one asked me, "do you think the Russian papers didn't carry the story that Malinovsky had been in the French Army during the First World War and had also fought in the Foreign Legion?" He could read a couple of languages and had seen an article about Malinovsky's history in a foreign Communist paper. He was genuinely bewildered about why this part of the marshal's life had never been revealed in the Russian press, in spite of the fact that the same papers were filled with stories of the visits made by Khrushchev and Malinovsky to places outside Paris where Malinovsky had once lived. According to him, the reasons for these visits were never explained.

On the morning I left Kiev for Vienna, my friend, the one who asked me the questions about Malinovsky, came to the hotel to say good-by and gave me a farewell gift. With tears in his eyes he embraced me, the first American he had ever met, and said, "I will never see you again." When I protested that I hoped to return to the Soviet Union, he answered, "No, they will never let you in again. You will go home and write about my country as you've seen it and they will never let you back again."

I don't know whether he is right or not. Unfortunately, the decision will not depend upon my new friend in Kiev or the students on the ship or the man at the airport. And the mood of the Soviet government and the mood of the Soviet people can easily be far, far apart—as was clear to me in the weeks following the U-2 incident.



The Agenda for Africa

WILLIAM H. HESSLER

The Director of African Education for Kenya Colony leaned across his desk, as though to let me in on a secret. In a Yorkshire accent unchanged by a quarter century of military and civil tasks all through East Africa, he spoke with great earnestness.

"We can't even *think* about universal, free education here for many years yet. For the decade to come, our goal is to provide eight years of primary education for the children who really want it, and whose parents will pay a little something for it, plus high school for one-fourth of those finishing primary. But even this modest program will cost £26 million; and the total national budget of Kenya is now only £32 million.

"Our national wealth has been rising by five per cent a year; and that's good. But the cost of education has been jumping up twelve per cent a year. Please remember, the per capita income in Kenya is only fifty-eight dollars a year—less than the African average. The money for *universal* primary education just isn't there."

That is the dismaying thing about the new free Africa that is coming into being with inexorable speed. There is so far to go. The Africans' sights are set high, yet their productivity is low. They want everything at once. They want to skip whole centuries, and plunge in one confident leap from tribalism into a mature technology. There are no Bantu Gandhis, enamored of handicrafts and cottage industries. The leaders' eyes are fixed on hydroelectric power and steel mills.

There is abundant talk of freedom, of course. "*Uhuru*" is the one Swahili word known in every corner of Africa. And it does mean "freedom." But the typical African's notion of *uhuru* has little or nothing to do with democratic self-government, or civil rights, or citizens' obligations—and certainly nothing to do with such distasteful things as taxes. For him, independence means catching up with the living standards of the white western world—at once. Native leaders who know better—and some do—are too preoccupied with *uhuru* and its attainment to bother with telling uneducated followers about the long uphill road which lies ahead of them.

Freedom Is Only the Beginning

Freedom may be the end of nationalist struggle. But it is only the beginning of a formidable agenda of new problems, dimly seen, if at all, by the rank and file—and by most of their leaders.

The greatest and most urgent task is to find, or develop, the educated and experienced men required for political and administrative posts, for staffing the schools, and for industry and trade. In most countries across the main body of the continent, from Dakar to Dar-es-Salaam, there are tiny elites of able, well-educated, traveled Africans—enough to provide a slate of cabinet ministers and some legislators, and a

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handful of knowledgeable teachers. But underneath this thin top layer there is very little.

Tanganyika, for example, which is to get autonomy under an African-majority government this year, has around 1,500 key jobs in public service. It takes that many civil servants to make this country of nine million people function as a state. There are today about 350 Africans who qualify passably for those jobs. And with luck, there will be 150 a year coming through the educational pipeline. But Tanganyika has no university, and its high-school graduates are needed right off. Those sent abroad to universities deplete the already meager numbers becoming available. So it will probably take a decade to Africanize the civil service. For technical posts, as in soil research, erosion studies, irrigation engineering, and pest control, it will take much longer.

Some countries are better off. Nigeria has a larger educated group to draw upon. It has a thriving university of more than one thousand students at Ibadan, another is opening at Enugu this fall, and there are currently eight thousand to nine thousand Nigerians in universities overseas. When they take over as a sovereign nation on October 1, the Nigerians should be able to find Africans for a good share of the civil service posts vacated by Europeans.

THE PROBLEM of the Belgian Congo on this score is like all the Congo's problems. It is the product of careful planning that went awry when the virus of nationalism took hold twenty years ahead of the schedule made out at Brussels. The Belgians were building slowly and carefully. From 1950 to 1959, they brought the total school population up from 100,000 to 1,500,000. But that was a primary-level program. The big push for high schools and a start on university training were in the blueprint for the 1960's. Then suddenly came the riots in Léopoldville and the hasty decision at Brussels to concede independence on June 30, 1960—ready or not.

The results are unhappy. The Congo has but a tiny handful of university-educated Africans, although it has a large, well-distributed primary-school system—which may be too costly for the Congolese to maintain. The Belgians needed fifteen or twenty years more to make the educational process do its most important job—to provide leadership for the nation.

The task of schools, however, is not only to provide a governing elite but also a mass of citizens who can play humbler roles in a democratic process. In this process, literacy helps. African figures on this matter are notoriously unreliable. (What is literacy, anyway, in a country with seventy-five distinct languages, some written and some just oral?) Ghana, by the usual yardstick, is now fourteen per cent literate, while Kenya is between ten and twenty per cent, depending on your standard.

In some countries, like Uganda, a fair number of well-educated people have been turned out, but mass education has been slow and slovenly. Total literacy figures have been held down by the general belief that females, although possibly educable, should not be sent to school. In most countries of black Africa, education has been left to missions, with government support in recent years. The missions have been inclined to mix their evangelical and educational roles, which gives quantity rather than quality in education. Yet without the work of the Christian missions over the last fifty years, education in most of Africa would be virtually nonexistent today, and the new Africa would be starting independent life with an insurmountable handicap.

Europeans Are Still Needed

Given the shortage of trained Africans, there is acute need for holding onto European civil servants and technicians in large numbers after independence. But this is not easy. The hesitations and fears of the Europeans, where they form very small but necessary elites, constitute a problem in themselves. A Briton with twenty-five years' experience in colonial administration is a valuable person, if his attitude is right. But he is much less willing to work on contract for a native government, with less responsibility and less security of tenure, than he was to stay on in a career service, working for the United Kingdom with prestige, assured tenure, and a pension. After three years of independence, Ghana has about as many Europeans in its government service as before—but it is paying them higher salaries.

Up in the high country of Ruanda-Urundi, every square meter of every hillside has to be cultivated, however steep, if the dense population is to be fed. This requires not only careful instruction of farmers in contour plowing and terracing and other good farm practice, but also further research and experiment to find new or better wheat strains, tree crops, and cattle varieties. In that chilly moist country, seven thousand to eight thousand feet above sea level, I found a community of eager, dedicated young Belgians—experts in soils, animal husbandry, and such. In the hills they have forty thousand African farmers testing the seed strains they develop and using the new cultivation techniques they devise. Their work is essential if the 4.7 million people of Ruanda-Urundi are not to starve. The question is how long these Belgian technicians, as dedicated as missionaries at their work, will be willing to stay on the job in this isolated outpost of "colonialism" once *uhuru* arrives and they cease to be permanent civil servants under a responsible government at Brussels.

EUROPEAN BUSINESSMEN also play essential parts in the economies of these almost solidly African countries. The large concerns—Union Minière du Haut Katanga, for example—will stay on. So will the large petroleum companies with their widely dispersed marketing systems and the bigger export-import concerns. Their investments are too large to pull out. But smaller businessmen and professional men, such as architects and small contractors, are leaving the Congo now in some numbers. They cannot ride out the

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long period of stagnation induced by the uncertainties of premature independence.

The white minorities in these new countries vary widely. In the Congo, the whites are just under one per cent. In Nigeria, they add up to about twenty thousand, or 0.6 of one per cent. Yet no matter how great their resentments against colonialism, and however impatient their followers may be for nationalization of enterprise or Africanization of the civil services, the leaders of the new free Africa will have to deal magnanimously with their microscopic but crucial white minorities, or risk economic catastrophe.

Tribe and Tradition

A bigger and more obstinate problem on the agenda of the new Africa is found in the clash of ancient tribal structures and customs with the new pattern of modern political parties. This is an uneasy and ominous coexistence. Masses of Africans are leaving their tribal environments, moving into urban centers as jobs in industry and commerce materialize. Freed from the traditional disciplines of the tribe, they tend to become a rootless proletariat. They are quick to pick up the slogans of the new political factions, led by western-educated Africans. But the old tribal order continues outside the cities. The old chiefs, often enemies of progress and frequently enemies even of independence, retain great influence. The new political leaders are nearly all young men. And in the main Africa is still old-fashioned; it honors age.

In Uganda, for example, where the British held to indirect rule through native kings and chiefs, there are numerous political parties, led by well-intentioned, modern-minded men like A. Milton Obote and George Magezi. But these young new leaders differ seriously among themselves, and they have only a limited influence among the mass of people. They find their goals challenged at every point by the traditional rulers, especially the Kabaka of Buganda, who is head of the largest kingdom within the artificial entity of Uganda as put together by the British.

Nigeria is lucky on this score. Its three main political parties represent the three great tribal groupings. The West is mainly the Yoruba tribe, and backs the Action Group (A.G.). The East is mostly Ibo, and supports the National Council for Nigeria and the Cameroons

(N.C.N.C.). The North, Fulani and Hausa, backs the Northern People's Congress. There is the risk, of course, that East and West may some day combine against the North, creating an explosive Moslem versus Christian-and-pagan split. But in general, Nigeria seems fortunate to have political parties that dovetail with ancient tribal organizations.

By contrast, there are scores upon scores of political parties in the Congo. None of them is really strong in more than one of the six provinces. Most of them are the personal and local followings of individual leaders. There are no national parties as yet, and no national leaders of real stature. Consequently, there is some danger that following independence on June 30 the new, weak party system will be submerged in the feuds of the old tribal factions. With separatism already a force in the richest province, Katanga, there is even a danger that the Congo will not hold together as a single national state.

The 'Demographic Catastrophe'

A long-range problem that few Africans are aware of is the rising population pressure on the land—what one Belgian colonial official characterized for me as the "demographic catastrophe" of Africa. Sanitation and medicine have cut death rates dramatically. Nothing has cut birth rates. Thus the prospective gains of modernization, industrialization, and improved farm practices may be lost. Instead of producing higher living standards, they may only help support a fast-growing population at subsistence level.

This is the more serious because Africa is by no means as fabulously rich a continent as is commonly supposed. Only a few restricted areas are rich in minerals. Once cleared, forest land soon deteriorates under leaching rains and turns sterile. Nowhere on the continent is there a breadbasket akin to those of southern Russia, the Mississippi Valley, and the Argentine pampas. Africa has far more than its share of insect and other pests, plus an enervating climate or lack of water or both in many regions.

It follows that economic development will pay off in higher living standards only if it is done with great discernment—far more than was exercised in the opening of the North American continent. Africa's leaders will have to defer to experts from the white world for a long time if they are to surmount this hurdle. Sound economic planners will have to compel diversification of crops and other products to escape the present reliance on a few exports—cocoa in Ghana and Nigeria, sisal and cotton in Tanganyika, copper in the Congo, and so on.

There is a related problem, born of the naïve enthusiasm of the new native elites coming to power. Over-eager cabinet ministers, educated but inexperienced, almost invariably fasten their attention on grandiose enterprises. Kwame Nkrumah's most urgent ambition is the Volta River power and aluminum project, which almost rivals the Aswan High Dam in magnificence of concept. He might do well to take a look at Uganda, which has a superb hydro-electric plant at the source of the Nile—but sells off most of the power into Kenya, because Ugandans can't afford electricity and the industries that were expected to absorb the power never came into being.

In Nigeria there is some coal and

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some iron ore. The minister of mines and power is a voluble and engaging Moslem who was standing up well to the rigors of Ramadan when I saw him in Lagos. He assured me that Nigeria should have and would have a great steel industry. But I doubt it. The coal is low-grade and so is the ore. Transport is not cheap in Nigeria, and the market for steel is limited anyway. It *could* be done, of course. But it might make more sense for the Nigerians to use their spare funds to build factories to make flashlights, bicycles, and gaily printed cloth by the mile, and little stoves for household cooking. They should be manufacturing the goods that Africans are going to buy anyway as they pick up more cash income, and thus save that much of their import burden.

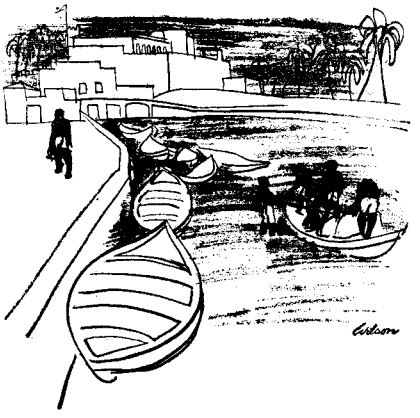
But steel mills are more exciting than flashlight factories. It will take a lot of firmness and tact from the holdover British economic advisers to keep their African superiors of cabinet rank from committing such economic follies in the name of independence.

TIED CLOSELY to this is the problem posed by the decline of investment from overseas. Countless European businessmen were happy to put their funds into colonies, because they had assurance that there would be stability, protection for their properties, and opportunity to take out profits. They may think a long time before they make similar commitments in independent African states, freed from the salutary discipline of supervision from Paris or London or Brussels. The Belgian Congo is the extreme case. In April, it was a country of stagnation. Everyone in business was poised apprehensively, waiting for some clue to what independence would mean. It might bring chaos and economic disaster; or it might bring an orderly transition, with security for European investment and enterprise. There was absolutely no way to know in advance.

This sudden cutting off of "colonial investment" was a troublesome matter in Asia some years earlier. The Colombo Plan was a conscious, careful attempt to compensate for it. Africa will stumble into a similar problem as more and more countries achieve self-rule. Nigeria may not feel it much, for it has a climate of conservatism that foreign businessmen sense and trust. Ghana has not been hurt so far, because it has clung tightly to its British ties and has enjoyed an enormous treasury surplus as a result of firm cocoa prices. But there are other areas in which misfortune may be avoided only if the United States, West Germany, and the international lending agencies fill in where colonial investment is abruptly cut off.

The other possible source of capital is direct subsidy. Belgium and France (not Britain so much) have poured large sums of public money into their African colonies in late years—for education, highways, economic development. Ruanda-Urundi is a case in point. After the Second World War the Belgians suddenly decided to make a showing in this trust territory. In the last six years, Belgium has spent an average of $14 million a year there. That is for one of the smallest states of Africa. Alongside Mr. Eisenhower's "ambitious" plan for $20 million a year of economic aid for all of Africa, it is profoundly impressive.

Some of these colonial subsidies will be continued, fortunately. Belgian leaders are meeting at Brussels with the new masters-designate of the Congo, to discuss "economic arrangements." Baldly put, this means they are discussing how much subsidy Belgium will continue to pay—and in return for what reciprocal benefits. Fortunately, there is a sound incentive for extending such subsidies, at least for a transitional period. The colonial powers are now granting self-government without much argument, and sometimes in the full knowledge that it is premature, because they want to avoid bitterness and thus salvage their public and private investments and their inside track in trade. They would lose that advantage, or much of it, if in turning their colonies loose they abruptly cut off these subsidies.



Babel and Boundaries

Aside from these economic issues, there is a complex and perhaps insurmountable obstacle in the frontiers of African states. They are illogical, arbitrary, and mischievous. Beyond any doubt, this is a bad seed of imperialism. Boundaries were made in the chancelleries of Europe, without the slightest regard to natural economic units or to racial or tribal or linguistic lines of demarcation. The Ghana-Togo frontier cuts through the middle of the land occupied by the Ewe tribe. And it will be sheer luck—Togo having become independent on April 27—if the forces of Nkrumah and Premier Sylvanus Olympio do not clash at the border before the year is out.

The Northern Rhodesia-Congo border cuts through a natural economic unit of copper and water power. For all their foresight and business acumen, the Belgians never established any transport (except by air) between Katanga and the rest of the Congo. So Katanga Province, with all its freight outlets through Portuguese territories, already is toying with separation schemes; and Rhodesia is waving a beckoning hand.

Mr. Nkrumah is surely wrong when he asserts that the colonial powers are deliberately "Balkanizing" Africa to keep it weak. The clumsy mayhem on Africa's geography was done many years ago, for other reasons. But now there are too many prima donnas among the native African leaders to allow any easy, rational consolidation of states, or even revision of boundaries. To make matters worse, new linguistic frontiers have emerged. The Africans had no "national" languages, only local. Communication among Ghanaians has to be in English if on a national scale, and in French among Congolese of different provinces. So it has come about that the French-speaking, English-speaking, and Portuguese-speaking segments of Africa are today linguistic compartments of some rigidity—even

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when only a modest minority of the people in any one country speak a European language.

The best hope for some federation is probably in British East Africa, where a large measure of joint administration has been imposed by Britain's fiat. Kenya, Tanganyika, and Uganda are politically distinct. One is a colony, one a trust territory, one a protectorate. But their customs, railways, posts and telegraphs, air services, and many research activities have been administered in common for some years. The framework for federation is there, ready made. Yet in Tanganyika and Uganda, I found distrust and some resentment toward the East Africa High Commission, which administers these services—about thirty of them—for the whole region. Mainly, the Africans distrust the white minority of Kenya and fear they will always play second fiddle to the more advanced Kenya. This may change once Kenya comes under a predominantly African government.

ALL IN ALL, it is a pretty formidable agenda. It would be formidable even to a group of countries with far more resources of education and experience. However, most of the new leaders of the emergent free Africa are sensible, moderate men, with little of the sullen anti-westernism of Asia and Egypt. Of the major native leaders, only Sékou Touré of Guinea, with this flair for Bantu brinksmanship, is openly playing the game of the Soviet bloc. As far as I can tell from informal chats with some of them, these men are intent on making an orderly, gradual transition and are eager to keep the benefits of colonialism, which include experienced administrators, able economic planners, and skilled technicians.

Yet they are also prisoners of their own eloquence. In the process of building up popular followings they have promised the moon in a score of languages. Their chance of making a tolerable transition, of utilizing the best of colonialism while building free nations, depends on the utmost gradualism. But that may be hard to maintain, because of the promises these leaders made to millions of ignorant or naïve followers as they talked their way to power.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Pasternak's Wake

ALFRED KAZIN

BORIS PASTERNAK died on May 30. From Moscow, next day, the New York *Herald Tribune* correspondent Tom Lambert revealed that "neither the state-controlled Russian press nor radio has yet reported Mr. Pasternak's death. . . . Relatives, friends and admirers of the kindly and talented writer—he still has many of the latter despite the official attitude here toward him—will gather at his house Thursday afternoon for the traditional Russian Orthodox 'Panikhida' (farewell to the dead) service. . . ."

One of the first friends to call, the correspondent continued, was "Konstantin Paustovsky, a writer who was Mr. Pasternak's supporter even when Moscow's Communist Party-directed writers were baying

his deportation abroad and the then chieftain of the Young Communist League was likening the great writer to a pig."

I had never heard of Konstantin Paustovsky until I went to the Soviet Union last August with an American literary delegation to meet Soviet writers. In the plane going over I read up on the speeches that had been made at the recent Soviet Writers' Congress, and was staggered to come across Paustovsky's hard, clear, contemptuous remarks on Soviet literary timeservers. Most literary pronouncements in the Soviet Union, as I was to discover even in personal meetings with lesser writers, are composed in an officially correct and fawningly patriotic style that seems designed to avoid saying anything dangerous. No wonder that at the congress Khrushchev admitted his boredom with Soviet literature and contemptuously told the writers not to take their "squabbles" (like the Pasternak case?) to him.

PAUSTOVSKY'S SPEECH at the congress was about "Ideas—Disputable and Indisputable." Since it is always in order in the Soviet Union for a writer to write up a new tractor works in Sverdlovsk as if the news story put him "in touch with every heartbeat of our people," he began by saying that a writer never fools his readers, and that they can tell instantly whether he is writing from "pureness of thought or, on the contrary, timeserving adaptation, [from] breadth of horizon or a sinister paucity of ideas . . . " The writer, he went on, gets from the people the appreciation he deserves. "All literary people and critics who take on themselves the right to speak in the name of the people should keep this in mind. . . .

"We are lucky that Leo Tolstoy managed to write *Anna Karenina* before [the current] tradition appeared. He did not have to take a bow to anyone, even the publisher; he could allow Anna to break up her family and pass out of life from purely private, and consequently impermissible, considerations.

"It is not our custom to write of [Soviet] shortcomings . . . without taking in advance an apologetic bow and bringing to mind our achievements. . . . One might think that one had to drive home to every Soviet reader the advantages and superiority of our system to the capitalist system—in the forty-second year of the revolution, mind you!

"There is nothing so cruelly af-

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(Pasternak ends his great novel with a number of poems which he says were found among Dr. Zhivago's papers. This one, in which the poet speaks of his own death, was read at Pasternak's grave in Peredelkino on June 2 before the coffin was closed.)

Hamlet

The stir is over. I step forth on the boards.
Leaning against an upright at the entrance,
I strain to make the far-off echo yield
A cue to the events that may come in my day.

Night and its murk transfix and pin me,
Staring through thousands of binoculars.
If Thou be willing, Abba, Father,
Remove this cup from me.

I cherish this, Thy rigorous conception,
And I consent to play this part therein;
But another play is running at this moment,
So, for the present, release me from the cast.

And yet, the order of the acts has been schemed
and plotted,
And nothing can avert the final curtain's fall.
I stand alone. All else is swamped by Pharisaism.
To live life to the end is not a childish task.

fronting as hypocrisy in a writer. . . . Why do we tolerate . . . bureaucratic and Philistine language? . . . Language is being turned into a bureaucratic jargon from top to bottom, beginning with the newspapers . . . and ending with every minute of our ordinary everyday life."

These are the words of a faithful, decent person—not a great writer, I gather, probably not anywhere so accomplished and subtle a writer as Pasternak was in his greatest poems, but at the same time a less complicated, more open, and exuberantly generous nature. Paustovsky is actually cherished in the Soviet Union for his charm, and the same lady official of the Writers' Union who told me out of a blue sky that Pasternak was "awful" pressed on me an English translation of Paustovsky's literary autobiography, *The Golden Rose*.

Paustovsky is a descendant of Ukrainian Cossacks, and after early schooling in Kiev worked as a laborer, sailor, and reporter, then fought in the civil war. He has tramped all over Russia, and in his almost sentimental ardor for the Russian land and in his loyalty to early associations, his book reminds me a little of Gorki's marvelous reminiscences of his life in the lower depths, *My University Days*. Paustovsky tends to be an impulsive, rambling writer, but his respect for the

private human experience, for genuine feeling of any kind as opposed to official orthodoxy, is unmistakable.

One of his most charming stories is called "Loaf Sugar." A strange old man, a wanderer who has taken refuge for the night in a farmhouse far to the north, is asked to show his papers by a fat little bureaucrat carrying "a shabby briefcase . . . stuffed with reports and accounts." When the old man explains that he has papers "but they weren't written for you, dear man," the bureaucrat calls in a militiaman. The old man tells the story of *his* grandfather, whose famous singing voice the poet Pushkin loved so much that when Pushkin was killed in a duel, the grandfather sang over his coffin, in the freezing cold, until he lost his voice forever. His illiterate grandson, the old man of the story, goes about collecting folk songs and tales. The militiaman is so moved by the story that he presents some sugar for the old man's tea. "Ah, the pity of it," the old man said. "There's nothing worse than for a man to have an arid soul. Those kind of people make life wither as grass withers from the autumn dew."

Paustovsky's generous act of homage to Pasternak is liberating. It reminds me of the traditional respect that the great Russian writers and thinkers have always known how to show each other despite intense differences of opinion. (Paustovsky is unmistakably more in sympathy with the October Revolution than Pasternak was.) Paustovsky's gesture reminds me of the dying Turgenev writing to Tolstoy after years of estrangement: "I am writing to you particularly to tell you how glad I am to have been your contemporary." He calls up Gorki's unforgettable

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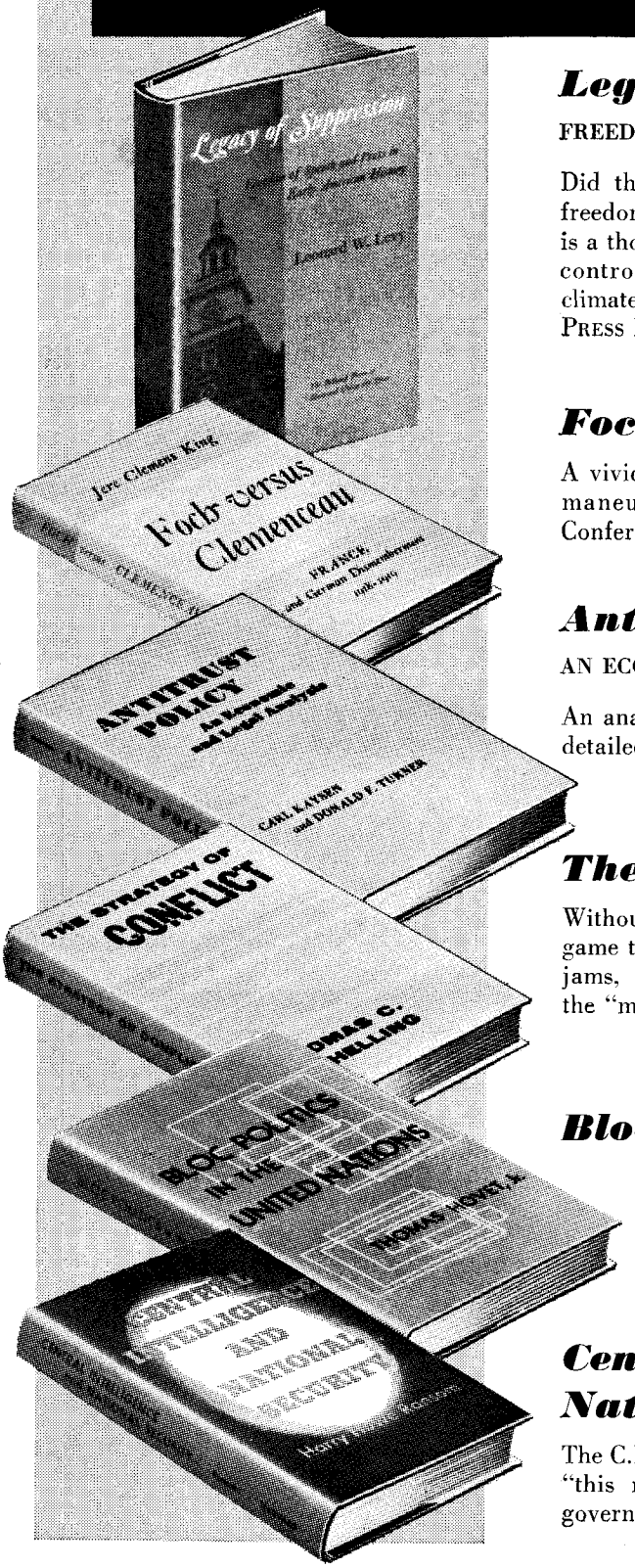

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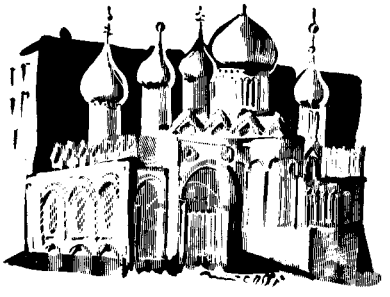
tribute to Tolstoy: "I am not an orphan on earth so long as this man lives on it." Even Lenin, the author of the system that finally outdid itself in calumniating, blackmailing, and isolating one introverted, highly literary symbolist poet, knew how to pay proper tribute to his Menshevik opponent Martov. As the old man in Paustovsky's story sang over Pushkin's body in the freezing cold until he lost his voice, so Pasternak was among the first to rush to Mayakovsky's flat when the poet committed suicide in 1930. So, in the steady Russian cold, many a Russian poet, many a Russian reader of poetry would, if he could, mourn over Pasternak today.

In Russia last summer, it was not the American visitors but the Russians who kept bringing up Pasternak. Every time they abused him in public, they would look around at each other as if to make sure that they were reciting their lessons well. The talented novelist Pavel Nilin gratuitously, at a public reception, told us not to be misled by the example of *Mister* Pasternak. The old Stalinist boss of the Writers' Union, Alexis Surkov, ranted that Pasternak had betrayed him personally by publishing *Doctor Zhivago,* and that the great aim of *his* life was now to write an "Anti-Zhivago." Even the charming and urbane novelist Konstantin Fedin, who had been made first secretary of the Writers' Union to replace the impossible Surkov, had to denounce the "traitor" during the campaign against Pasternak. Pasternak was Fedin's neighbor in Peredelkino. Last summer, four American writers had dinner with Fedin at his *dacha,* and we talked of many things. But Pasternak, who lived so near, was not mentioned. He could not be mentioned. Officially, Boris Pasternak was already dead.



The World's Centre Court

T. S. MATTHEWS

Wimbledon, the oldest, most successful, and by all odds most prestigious of tennis tournaments, is one of the best shows in the world. The British have been producing it, except during two world wars, every year since 1888, and on June 20 they'll be doing it again.

As always, Wimbledon is "booked solid." If you are a V.I.P. in the international lawn-tennis world or have a friend who is, you may be taken care of. But ordinary mortals applied for seats in February; those who were lucky in the draw (Wimbledon's word is "ballot," and ten thousand applications drew blank) will pay £5 for one Centre Court ticket for four of Wimbledon's twelve days. Otherwise your only chance of a seat is to watch the advertising columns of the *Times,* where a few tickets will be offered at scalpers' prices—or queue up for a single seat or for standing room, like the majority.

Why is Wimbledon so popular? It's not because the British are notably mad about tennis or feel that they own the game. Though it was their invention and they did dominate it in its early days, no British player has won the men's singles at Wimbledon since 1936. Part of the public that flocks to Wimbledon comes because it likes to watch any sporting spectacle that is a good show, especially one with Yanks and Aussies and South Americans in it. The others, the tennis enthusiasts, come to see the world's best amateur players perform under the best conditions.

"The Lawn Tennis Championship Meeting on Grass"—as it is never called, except officially—is held in the London suburb of Wimbledon, on the grounds of the All England Lawn Tennis & Croquet Club—and nobody ever calls it *that,* either; it's invariably shortened to "the All England Club." Wimbledon is not unlike its American counterpart, Forest Hills: it has the same air of submissive respectability, large blocks of nearly identical apartment houses, tree-lined streets. But Wimbledon is greener and less grubby than Forest Hills, and its Underground *is* underground and not a noisy feature of the near horizon. It will get you to Wimbledon from the West End in half an hour or less.

Entering the grounds of the All England Club, you find yourself in a crowded scene (thirty thousand people come to Wimbledon on a good day) that is a cross between a midway and a garden party. Crowded, but not confused. The general effect is of green grass and flower beds, women in summery hats and dresses, and of everybody talking at once. This broad asphalt midway bisects the club's fifteen acres; the admission gates are at either end. On your left is the club marquee, serving drinks, lunch, and tea (members and guests only), then a double row of fifteen grass courts, two with spectators' stands, the rest rectangled by green cloth backdrops. On the right, caterers' booths for the general public; cheaper snack bars and soft drinks farther along. Looming up, right center, is a slab-sided circular building like a large blockhouse, of green-painted cement partly covered with Virginia creeper and enlivened by flower-filled window boxes. This building surrounds the famous Centre Court. It also crooks an elbow around the No. 1 Court, where the matches are sometimes as good or—if the committee has guessed wrong—even better.

The Centre Court must be seen in action, at the full tide of Wimbledon, to be appreciated. What differentiates it from the stadium at Forest Hills or the Australian tennis arenas? This roofed and circular grandstand is not very large by the standards of modern sport; jammed full, it will hardly hold fifteen thousand people—and three thousand of these will be standing, in special enclosures open to the sky. Whether by luck or design, the scale of the Centre Court is dramatic. These roofed tiers of seats surrounding the open stage, a pale

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green rectangle of perfect lawn, compose a theater expectant of great performances. The spectators feel it; the players feel it too. Over the portals of the Centre Court are emblazoned two oft-quoted lines from Kipling:

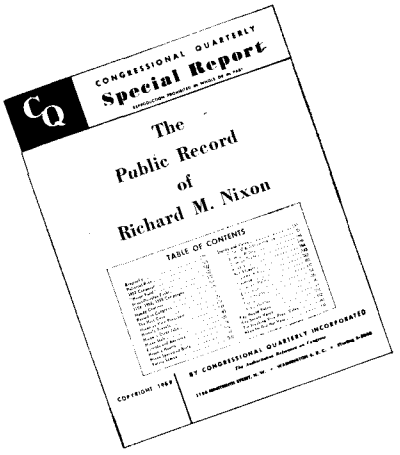
"If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same."

A further piece of stage management, peculiarly British, emphasizes the theater of the Centre Court: the Royal Box. This is an enclosure of seventy seats reserved for the Royal Family and other personages. The Duchess of Kent, Wimbledon's president, is a faithful attendant at the matches, each day in a different and more glorious hat; and when she is in her seat in the front row, the players on the Centre Court always bow to her as they come in and as they leave.

The U.S. Presidency is said to have an ennobling effect on its incumbent, and the Centre Court at Wimbledon works much the same magic on hardened tennis players. At least while they are in those awful precincts, they will behave as the gentlemen they are officially supposed to be. And mostly, most of the time, they do. There have been exceptions. Linesmen have been glared at and umpires argued with; one Wimbledon champion

even lay flat on the court between points (he was tired); an occasional cry of agony, despair, or disgust has escaped tight lips. These lapses in good manners, unfailingly reported by the press, are tolerated by Wimbledon—up to a point. Like a good hostess, Wimbledon will ignore an occasional breach of taste, or breathe a quiet word in the ear of the offender; but a real tantrum would not be easily forgiven. I have never seen nor heard of such an exhibition at Wimbledon as I once witnessed at Forest Hills, when a national champion, disgusted at losing a hard-fought point, knocked a tennis ball over the stadium, dropped his racket, clutched his head, and screamed "Jeeesus *Christ*!"

WIMBLEDON is now rightly regarded as a sacred institution, but on two occasions its sanctity has been violated: in 1913 suffragettes tried to set fire to the grandstand, and during the Second World War the Centre Court was hit by a German bomb. Like most British institutions, Wimbledon grew slowly from small beginnings. In 1875 the All England Croquet Club's exchequer was nearly empty, so the club decided to let down the bars to the new fad of lawn tennis. This game, which Major Walter Clopton Wingfield had introduced at a garden party in Wales two years before



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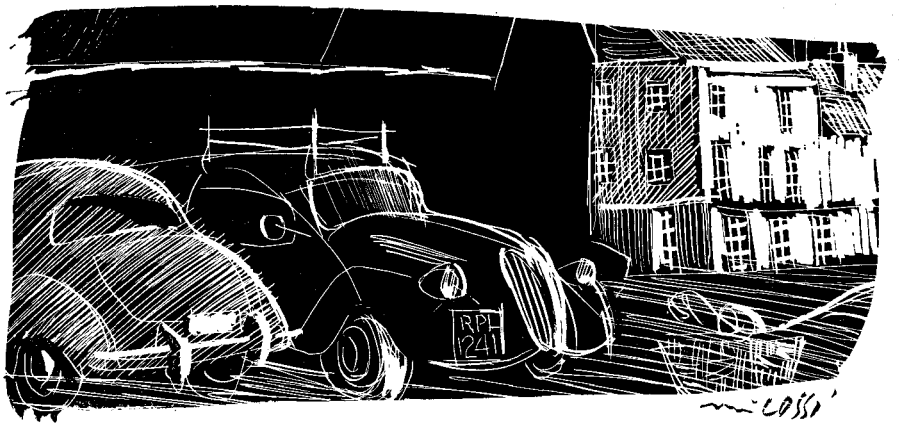
and shortly thereafter patented, could be played on any reasonably smooth lawn; the court was shaped like an hourglass, and the scoring was the same as in rackets—fifteen points to a game, and only hand-in (the server) could score. Major Wingfield called his game "Sphairistike." It caught on in spite of the name. It was supposedly the languid common sense of Arthur Balfour that suggested the simpler title of lawn tennis. As early as 1886 the club's minutes recorded a scandal: a daisy was discovered on the Centre Court! That same year the minutes also had this entry: "The committee, having selected the best seats in the grandstand for themselves and their friends, adjourned."

The new game rapidly became so popular that in 1888 its parent club changed its own name to the All England Croquet & Lawn Tennis Club, and held the first championship tournament—men's singles only. That drew two hundred spectators at a shilling each, and the club made a net profit of ten pounds. Next year the gate dropped drastically, and in 1895 the club lost thirty-three pounds. The Doherty brothers, Hugh and Reginald, saved the day by winning back the crowds. In the still small world of lawn tennis, they were pre-eminent for the next ten years, and they enlarged that world to international size by their tours of the Continent and America.

Thereafter, Wimbledon never showed a loss. By 1922 the club's premises had become far too small and too antiquated, and in that year the All England Club moved to its present site. The club paid more than half the cost (£140,000) out of its own pocket and made up the rest by issuing debentures. The original price of these debentures was £50 apiece; their current price is £1,050. The latest published figure (1958) of Wimbledon's annual profit, before taxes but after deducting the club's expenses for the year, is £50,000. These profits are handed over to the Lawn Tennis Association, which uses them to help out various British tennis clubs, pay for overseas tours, etc.

Before the game settled down, in the early 1880's, frequent changes



were made in the rules, the size and shape of the court, the height of the net, and the size and weight of the ball. After that, innovations came more slowly. One Wimbledon tradition stayed intact until 1922: that the defending champion played only in the challenge round, standing in the wings until that year's winner emerged. Since 1922 he has had to play through the whole tournament. "Seeding" (putting the supposedly best players far enough apart in the draw so that they won't meet in the early rounds) was not introduced until 1924.

In the first decades of Wimbledon, the English and Irish players were easily pre-eminent. The first "foreigner" to win Wimbledon was Norman Brookes of Australia, in 1907. It wasn't till 1920 that the championship was won by an American. That year the United States made a clean sweep of the men's events: W. T. Tilden won the singles, and R. N. Williams and Charles Garland the doubles. From then on, except for Fred Perry's three British victories, the Wimbledon singles title has been mainly shared out among Americans, French, and Australians.

If tennis is no longer a teatime game played on an English lawn between ladies and gentlemen in garden-party dress, Wimbledon must take the lion's share of the responsibility. For the history of Wimbledon is the history of tennis. In A. Wallis Myers's thumping words, Wimbledon has become "the clearing-house of the world's skill, the final assessor of form, the standard by which championship mettle is measured. It has long ceased to be a national tournament; time, competition, and sentiment have made it international. As such its prestige is unique and its educational value incalculable."

A more calculable value than education attaches to the winning of Wimbledon, and it was an American, W. T. Tilden, three times Wimbledon champion, who first cashed in on it. When Tilden turned professional in 1930, he showed how to transmute prestige into money. The Wimbledon crown alone might not be enough to ensure a player big-time professional pay: winning both the American and Australian championships might (Pancho Gonzales never won Wimbledon though he got the other two); but Wimbledon had, and has, more latent cash value than any other tournament. Thus Wimbledon's management now finds itself in the awkward position of a finishing school for young ladies where on graduation day the prize winner is apt to be lured away by white slavers.

Wimbledon wouldn't put it like that, of course. Neither would Jack Kramer, the straight-shooting and far from villainous leader of the professionals. Wimbledon just goes on running its finishing school, regardless; there are always graduates, there will always be a prize winner.

Even thirty years ago, in the days when no tournament tennis player would have dreamed of appearing on the court without long white-flannel trousers, it was known or suspected that some of these correctly garbed gentlemen were not exactly amateurs. As the tennis circuit lengthened in time and distance, the discrepancy between

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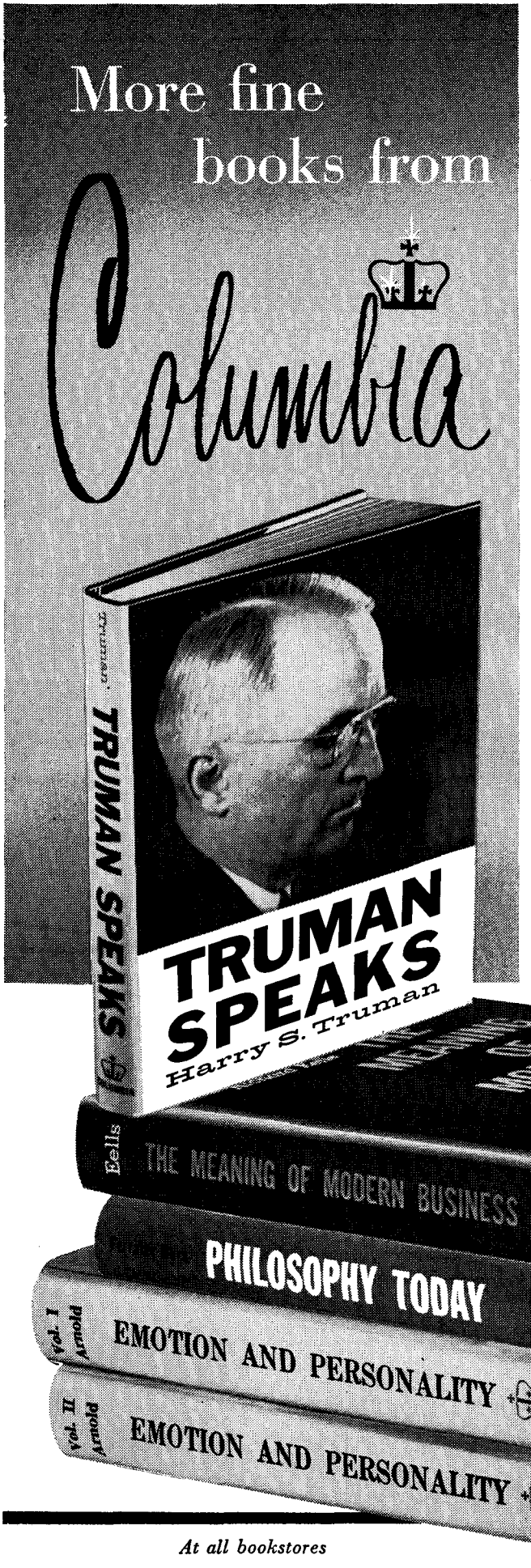

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these players' visible means of support and their mode of life grew more obvious. It was clear that most of these young men were making a living, and a pretty good living, out of playing tennis. The official attitude toward this ambiguity was one of blindness, dumbness, and deafness. The general public view was, "Well, why not? If we want to win the Davis Cup, or make a good showing at Wimbledon, we've got to have full-time players—semi-professionals or whatever you want to call them. And look at those Australians. Call them amateurs?"

Tilden was the first big name in tennis to turn professional. A long list of champions and near-champions has followed his lead: Karel Kozeluh, Vincent Richards, Ellsworth Vines, Henri Cochet, Fred Perry, Donald Budge, Bobby Riggs, Jack Kramer, Pancho Segura, Pancho Gonzales, Frank Sedgman, Kenneth McGregor, Tony Trabert, Kenneth Rosewall, Lew Hoad. Women too: Suzanne Lenglen, Alice Marble, Pauline Betz, Gussie Moran. Of late years, Kramer has organized the best professionals into a world-touring troupe and is openly in the market for the best amateurs; any American or Australian champion who wins Wimbledon is sure to get a bid. The result is that amateur players of championship caliber are siphoned off into the professional ranks as fast as they become champions.

Neither side regards this as a satisfactory arrangement. The quality of amateur tennis, on the highest level, has dropped notably; and the professionals have found that the extra cash doesn't really compensate them for their loss in status. Kramer would like to have "open" tournaments, in which his professionals would play against amateurs as well as against each other—but he also wants prize money: £6,000 is his figure. The International Lawn Tennis Federation, representing the amateurs, wants to end the present hypocritical situation, and will meet in Paris on July 6 to consider its committee's report. That report recommends the holding of open tournaments, for a cash prize—but its top figure is £100, which would hardly make it worth while for Kramer's professionals to risk their high-priced reputations. It also recommends a new category of semi-professional player. These "authorized" players would have to register as such and play in any competitions their national L.T.A. told them to; no legal limit would be put on their expense accounts. (The British members of the committee suggested that these players be called "registered," but this horrified the French, who pointed out that in France only prostitutes are *registered*.)

The U.S. Lawn Tennis Association has already announced that it will vote against this proposal; the Australians are also said to be against it. One U.S. tennis personage has threatened that the Davis Cup will be withdrawn from competition if the projected scheme goes through. The president of the I.L.T.F. commented stiffly: "All that the U.S. could do is to withdraw its piece of silver. Someone else would then give another piece of silver and would be glad to do so." Kramer, who is hopefully negotiating with the French, Australian, and American tennis authorities, all of whom could profit by opening their championship tournaments to professionals, admits that Wimbledon is in a class by itself: a guaranteed sellout every year. And the professionals would rather play at Wimbledon than anywhere else.

Born Freak

MARYA MANNES

If you don't know who Ookie is, you don't read animal news, and if you don't read animal news you don't know how superior it is to human news. You also don't belong to a quite sizable group of citizens who have such an affinity with other species that they concern themselves deeply with the trials

and fortunes of cats, dogs, lions, apes, birds, and fish.

For me, this all started with early exposure to Wagner. A solemn tot, I was greatly impressed with the fact that Siegfried could understand the speech of birds after drinking Fafnir's blood. The means distressed me but the end seemed wholly desirable (although in later years I have come to doubt the stimulation of bird talk). And I have been plagued ever since with the feeling that I could communicate directly with animals not by potions but by empathy. I have succeeded to the extent of feeling on many occasions that my ears were lying back, my tail twitching, my fur rising, and my lips drawn back from my teeth. I have also succeeded in imagining myself in a pool with Ookie.

Ookie is a baby walrus at the Coney Island Aquarium who looks like Teddy Roosevelt and can do more things with an empty beer cask than Teddy could. Ookie is deeply interested in life and very fond of attention, and perhaps the only thing we don't share is whiskers and a diet of mashed haddock and cod-liver oil. But I am touched by Ookie's faith in man and furious at the little ruffians who throw balls in the pool that might choke her. I can feel that ball in my throat as I gasp for air.

I have also been very concerned with the female whale who was caught off Coney and put in the pool and who swam counterclockwise with her eyes closed from then on. Sick whales grieve me: there is such a volume of woe.

And speaking of volume, I identified strongly with an elephant during the recent bomb-alarm practice in New York. There was a photograph of a keeper pushing him into shelter, and I never saw a more re-

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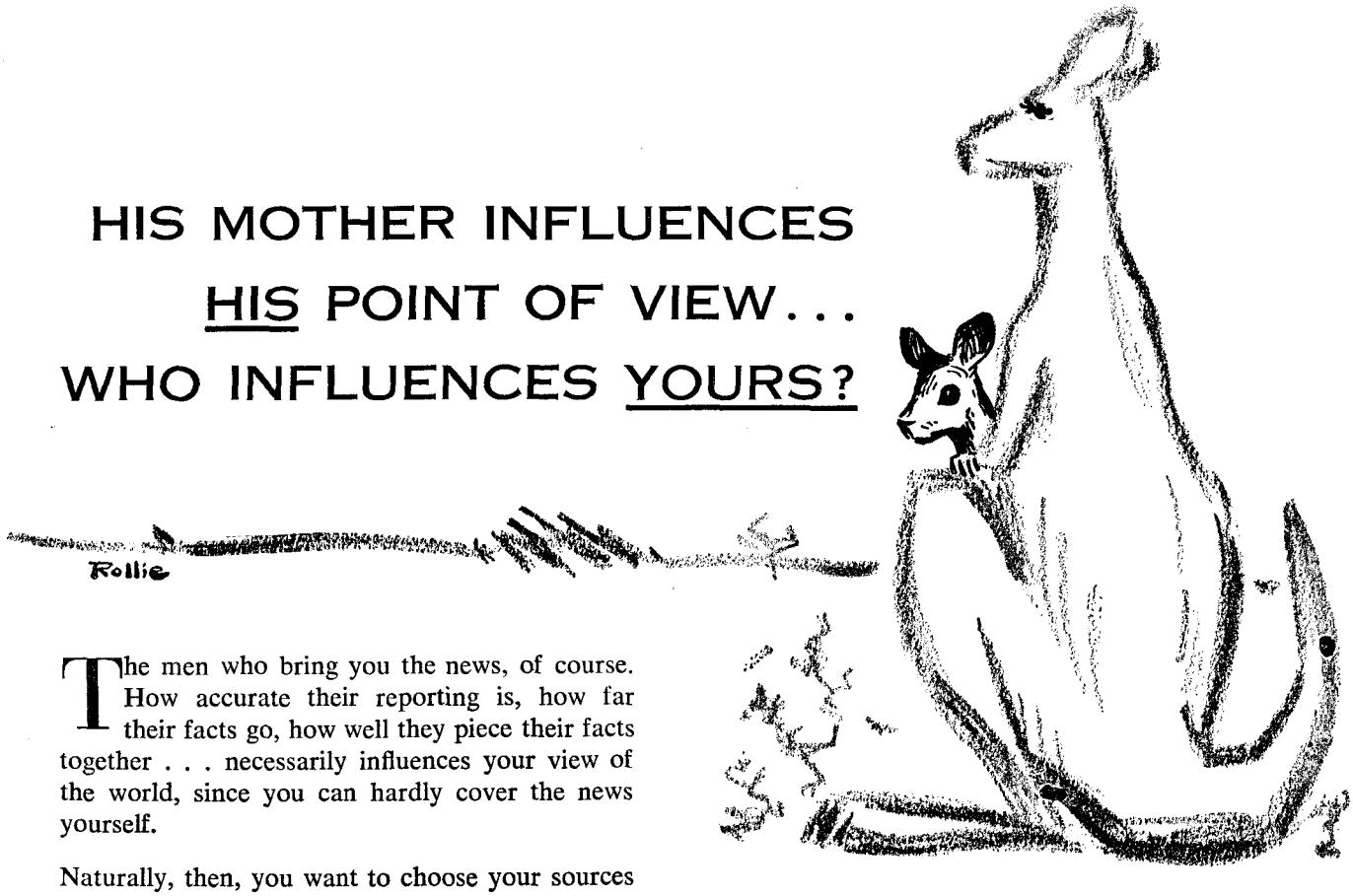
HIS MOTHER INFLUENCES HIS POINT OF VIEW... WHO INFLUENCES YOURS?



The men who bring you the news, of course. How accurate their reporting is, how far their facts go, how well they piece their facts together . . . necessarily influences your view of the world, since you can hardly cover the news yourself.

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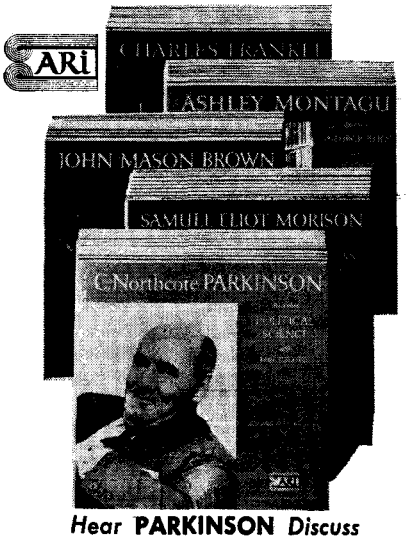

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sistant backside in my life. My friend, I thought; my brother.

I am, in fact, always with the animals: with the bull against the matador, the monkey who escapes, the dog who bites the visitor, the hippo who sulks, and the platypus who will not lay. In my identification with nearly all creatures I don't know that I could go so far as Dr. Lorenz and mother geese, but I can easily imagine an eccentric senescence surrounded by a large variety of animals whose thoughts I can come to understand and whose love I will elicit. The closing years will be absorbing, if messy.

BUT TILL NOW, my major obsession has been big cats: I have always wanted to rear a lion. Never mind why; analysis could shadow an otherwise sunny subject. Anyway, the nearest I've come to this dream was to hold a six-month-old male cub on my lap in the Berlin Zoo and scratch his chin. His name was Max, he purred like a generator, and peace entered my heart at last. But Max grew heavy on my knees and the zoo closed and so did this moment of triumph.

It remained for a Mrs. Adamson to do what I had failed to do and write a book about it called *Born Free* (Pantheon, $4.95). It is about Elsa, a lioness whom she and her husband, the senior game warden in the Northern Frontier Province of Kenya, reared from a blind and motherless cub to maturity and freedom.

Elsa is a great girl and Joy Adamson is a remarkable woman, and I read of their relationship with sustained and breathless attention. I was right to love lions: they are beautiful and majestic and intelligent and they have a sense of humor and the capacity to love. At least Elsa did. But after *Born Free,* I have reluctantly laid to rest my ambition to establish close relations with a lion. There appear to be more than the usual obstacles to rearing a large carnivore in a small apartment, not the least of them a husband who is not a game warden and does not warm to cats. Mr. Adamson shot the animals for Elsa's snacks, and although my husband is very handy with a rifle, I doubt whether there is anything in Central Park or the eastern end of Long Island that would keep Agnes nourished for long. (Agnes is the lion I might have had.) Like the Adamsons, we would not want to encourage in Agnes a taste for people, plentiful and expendable as they are.

There are several traits in Elsa that I found disturbing too. One was a habit of sucking Mrs. Adamson's thumb when she was nervous; that is, when Elsa was nervous. Holding a thumb still for long periods is time-consuming, and I'm simply too busy. Then, Elsa grew accustomed to sharing Mrs. Adamson's bed at night and for naps, and there are wonderful pictures of her resting her large tufted chin on her friend's neck and draping a monumental paw over her waist. I can understand the feeling of security this might give, but what about a husband? Indeed, Elsa occasionally spent the night in *Mr.* Adamson's bed, but the basic problem remains: one is not alone.

Then there was the business of Elsa's humor. She was full of loving pranks, one of them being to hurl herself against people at full speed and send them sprawling. She also practiced a jujitsu trick on guests by felling them with one neat swipe of the paw on their ankle. These sallies are greeted with hearty laughter by the Adamsons, but I feel my circle of friends would diminish sharply if Agnes did that. They are all out of training.

SO AGNES is out, I guess, unless my husband and I are shifted to Africa on a people-to-people program, in which case a house lion would be essential to survival. If this does not happen, I am thinking seriously of keeping a dolphin in a cove in Maine and teaching it to talk. A Dr. Lilly says they have the next largest brainpan after man's and a range of sounds so wide that they should be able to encompass human speech. I have, however, the disturbing premonition that after months of drilling in verbs, consonants, and Fowler's *Modern English Usage,* Dolphie would surface, peer at me sternly across the cove, and bellow, "Who do you think you are, for God's sake? A dolphin?"

What could I say?

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RECORD NOTES

ALBENIZ: IBERIA. Alicia de Larrocha, piano. (*Columbia,* 2 records; mono.)

Like Mussorgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition,* Albéniz's *Iberia* is better known in orchestral transcription than in its original form for solo piano. And for the same reason: it is devilish hard to make it "sound" on the keyboard. The Albéniz work—a collection of twelve independent pieces strongly Hispanic in mood and color—is, to be sure, more pianistic than the *Pictures,* but it nevertheless poses knotty problems of rhythmical definition, voice separation, pedaling, and the like. Two previous recordings of the set failed to get the music off the ground. Alicia de Larrocha succeeds triumphantly. Here is some of the most enchanting piano artistry to be encountered on records.

Señora de Larrocha has none of the hard, tense, cerebral quality that characterizes most contemporary pianists. She enjoys the gift of languor and can allow music to breathe slowly and unfold tenderly. This is practically a lost art. She can also play with crisp rapidity, but even then her instrument never fails to sing luminously and caressingly. The recording, made in Spain by the Hispavox Company, well conveys the pianist's kaleidoscopic range of tone.

DE FALLA: THE THREE-CORNERED HAT. London Symphony, Enrique Jordá, cond.; Barbara Howitt, soprano. (*Everest;* mono or stereo.)

De Falla's ballet about the flirtatious miller's wife has always been a remarkably "phonogenic" score in that it manages to exploit the full resources of microphones and loudspeakers without overwhelming them. Never, though, has it sounded so splendid on records as in this new stereo version. The orchestra has palpable dimension, not only in width but in depth (note the always magical effect of muted trumpets in the background), and not a trace of distortion is evident anywhere.

Fortunately, the performance is as satisfactory as the engineering. Enrique Jordá, an expert in this idiom, gets just the right dry sound from his London instrumentalists, and

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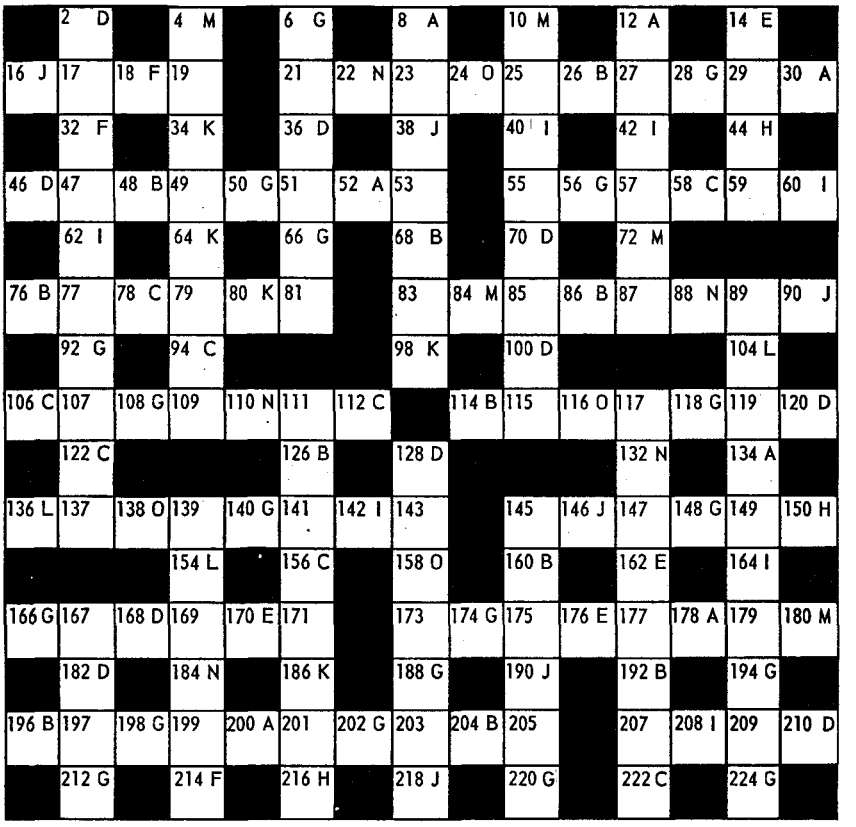
THE REPORTER Puzzle 11

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person.



A. 12 8 30 52 200 134 178 Authentic

B. 76 126 26 204 114 86 48 192 196 160 68
Figurative description of how a lover falls. (3,2,6)

C. 78 94 156 212 58 112 222 106
Dotted twice.

D. 46 128 182 100 120 168 2 70 36 210
Sailor holding a certain rank or rate. (4,6)

E. 162 170 14 176 A name of Rembrandt

F. 32 214 18
"Better the byrde in hande than___in the wood." John Heywood: Proverbes, Part I, Chapter XI.

G. 6 194 148 220 140 108 50 198 118 174 166 202 28 56 188 66 224 92 212
Nursery rhyme. (4,1,4,2,8)

H. 44 216 150
Expression of polite attentiveness.

I. 40 208 164 62 42 142 60
Followed by Word L, a chief concern of Acrostician.

J. 190 218 38 16 146 90
Expression often used to clarify or give inside information (2,4)

K. 34 64 98 80 186 Count_____.

L. 104 154 136 See Word I.

M. 180 10 84 4 72 Indoor and outdoor sport.

N. 22 88 110 184 132 _____going.

O. 158 138 24 116
William B. Franke's department.

ACROSS

16. Unknown in the Italian year.
21. Retreat to a particle for a meeting.
46. I race for a service (3,5).
55. Ninety see you for an alibi.
76. Marxist out and traveled.
83. Ta-Ta! Pre-Christian times about by a mouser (5,3).
106. Snidest opposition.
114. Grey figs? No, I cook breakfast foods (3,4)
136. A message can be pleasing by a mixed up mountain.
145. Views of Arts and Sciences not sad in cart.
166. The queen is confused, afraid, that is.
173. Deantost about to partake (2,6)
196. So fen coins on admission.
207. Hill in Nazi onslaught.

DOWN

2. Mom's sister sounds as though she's in the 400, yet she's a recluse.
4. Toes the line when faced with scorn of a thousand.
6. Afraid? Yes, but dare a little, science.
8. Feast almost in sin. Confused, it pollutes.
10. Recall coal after that Latin thing.
12. Twitch in heaven? That's the tape.
14. Irish novelist heard in pleasures.
89. Attack found when old age grins so.
111. Less in black. About high birth, rather.
117. A geezer in a mood to get active.
128. Ben has his pint and a crooked fastener.
139. British gunner in French restaurant with a bottle.
145. Sport is King!
167. Nothing in drink but a drug.

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Miss Howitt sings like one born and bred in Seville.

PUCCINI: MADAMA BUTTERFLY. Toti dal Monte, soprano; Beniamino Gigli, tenor; *et al.*; Chorus and Orchestra of the Rome Opera House, Oliviero de Fabritiis, cond. (*Angel*, 2 records; mono.)

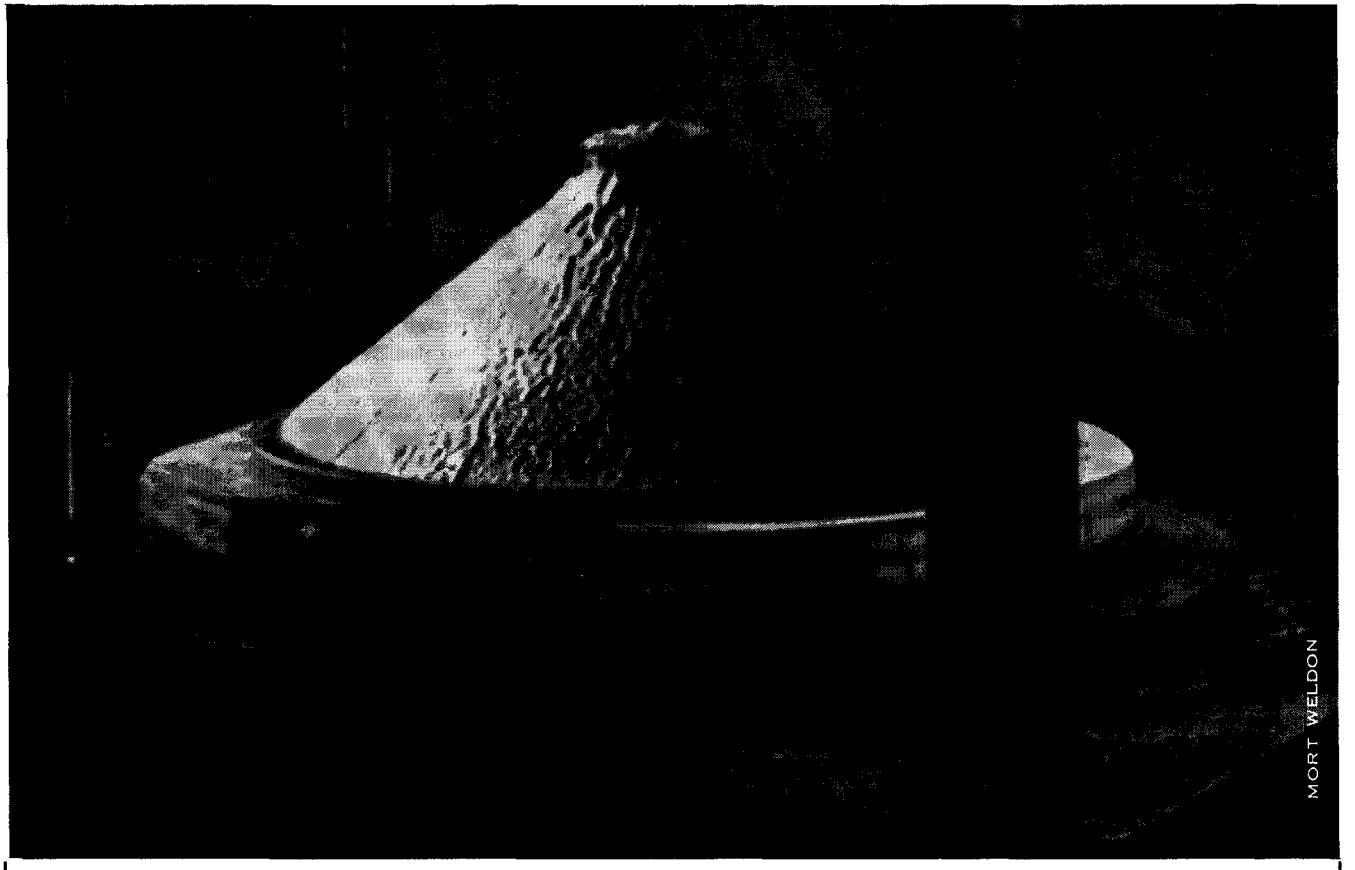
This 1939 recording remains the most touching and distinguished *Butterfly* on discs. It is good to have it back in circulation.

There can be differences of opinion regarding the quality of Toti dal Monte's timbre, which turns nasal and rather thin in the upper register and which some listeners (not I) may find objectionable. But there can be no question at all, it seems to me, as to the supreme sensitivity with which she uses her voice. This is vocal acting of a kind seldom encountered on the operatic stage today. The Act II duet with Sharpless (well sung by Mario Basiola) is full of masterful touches. Let me single out one: the pathetic amazement with which Butterfly repeats the words *"non mi rammenta più"* ("remembers me no longer") from Pinkerton's letter, an exquisite piece of timing and coloration. And how delectable it is to hear a soprano who savors the Italian language (for example, the sound of double consonants in words like *"bocca," "occhio," "troppo"*) instead of merely viewing it as a collection of convenient vowels on which to vocalize. This is not to imply that dal Monte's gifts are purely those of the *diseuse*. She is an accomplished musician, acutely rhythmical, with a rare regard for the subtle gradations of phrase sculpture.

Just as no other Butterfly on records approaches dal Monte's, so no other Pinkerton comes within hailing distance of Gigli's, whose artistry and incredible opulence of tone were captured here at optimum estate. De Fabritiis is an incisive conductor, and the 1939 sound is still good.

HANDEL: ACIS AND GALATEA. Joan Sutherland, soprano; Peter Pears, tenor; *et al.*; St. Anthony Singers and Philomusica of London, Sir Adrian Boult, cond. (*London*, 2 records; mono or stereo.)

A pastoral tragedy, filled with the noble serenity and the sprightly



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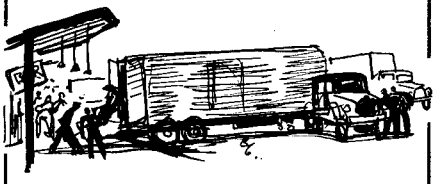

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good humor that Handel could summon forth for any occasion. It opens on a rather conventionally jolly note, but picks up interest as soon as Polyphemus arrives on the scene (with his spirited air "O ruddier than the cherry"), and builds up to an affecting colloquy between the soprano and the chorus in lamentation and solace over the death of Acis.

Joan Sutherland's pure, silvery tone and her soft, controlled trill are both marvelously apposite to the role of Galatea. Ideally she should have a more robust and youthful-sounding partner as Acis than Peter Pears, but as usual this intelligent tenor makes up with his art for what he is not endowed by nature. Sir Adrian Boult directs a small body of instrumentalists and choristers, and the orchestration is Handel's own.

SCHUBERT: STRING QUARTET IN D MINOR ("DEATH AND THE MAIDEN"). **Juilliard Quartet.** (*RCA Victor*; mono or stereo.) **Amadeus Quartet.** (*Deutsche Grammophon*; mono or stereo.)

Not since the early days of the LP era have so many splendid records of chamber music been issued as in the past several months. And no wonder. Stereo has opened up a new sonic dimension for this repertoire. Anyone who believes that the two-channel medium confers its bounty only on large orchestral and choral works should hear a string quartet in stereo. *Death and the Maiden* would be a fine choice, particularly as performed by the Juilliard Quartet. It runs rings around the London-based Amadeus ensemble in re-creating the febrile tensions, heavenly reveries, and muted otherworldliness of this masterpiece.

—ROLAND GELATT

Where Liberals Fear to Tread

NAT HENTOFF

UNLIKE Mort Sahl, whose heaviest ammunition is aimed at the Republicans, Lenny Bruce, the most controversial of the newer "intellectual" comedians, cuts beneath politics into the daily evasions of what he terms "first-plateau liberals." To my knowledge, no other comedian has ever talked scornfully in his performance on stage of "white Jews" who will not fight segregation or has explained in graphic detail how much "sicker" Philadelphia is than Little Rock.

The Bruce "bit" that has exposed him to exceptionally infuriated criticism in the trade press and in general newspapers is a dialogue with Negro guitarist Eric Miller on the way some whites socialize with Negroes at a party. The lines are close enough to parody to allow the audience to laugh, but many find themselves squirming nonetheless because Bruce's underlying point is how very little casual social relationship exists between Negroes and even the most enlightened white liberals.

Miller stands with a glass in his hand as Bruce, playing a homebuilder, approaches him with strained affability. After a few seconds of awkward silence, Bruce says, "You know, that Joe Louis was a hell of a fighter." Miller agrees. Bruce asserts that he has no prejudices, and begins to make anti-Semitic references to some of his clients, stopping suddenly to ask Miller, "You're not Jewish, are you?" After Bruce has proposed toasts to Bojangles, Stepin Fetchit, and Paul Robeson, Miller jauntily suggests one to the Mau Mau. Bruce finally invites Miller to his house ("It'll be dark soon"). The tag of the skit, which changes in detail from night to night, involves a drunken Bruce instructing Miller not to "do it" to his sister. Almost invariably, a few members of the audience walk out at this point.

BRUCE used that party dialogue often when he was at New York's Blue Angel earlier this year, and the critics were far from favorable. In the *Journal-American*, Gene Knight protested the "insulting way in which he ridiculed races and creeds. Nor was there any excuse for his foul

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language near the end of his much-too-long act." Abel Green, editor of *Variety,* was appalled: "The ugliest of phrases applying to minorities are interjected to no good purpose . . . He is undisciplined and unfunny."

Although Bruce dismisses most of his critics by saying "There's nothing sadder than an old hipster," he is honestly puzzled at the inability of critics such as Green and Knight to understand the point of the party dialogue. He is impatient at criticism of his "ugly" language, and points out that when he's playing a part, he talks in character, as his audience should realize.

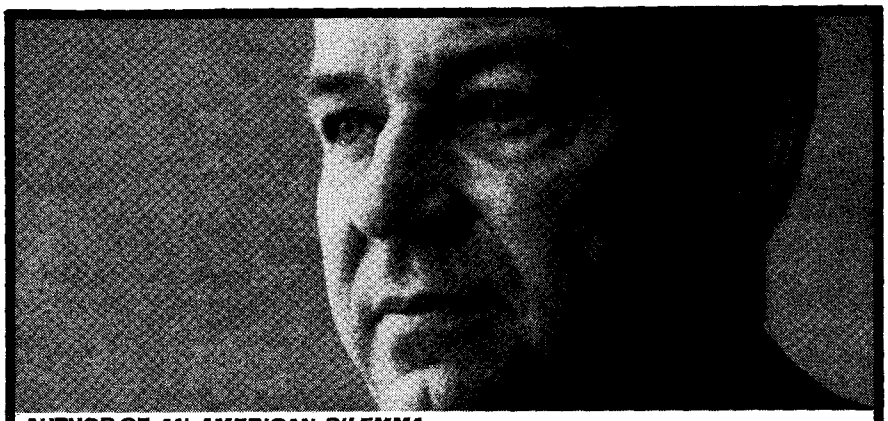
A lean, tense alumnus of vaudeville, burlesque houses, and the production end of "C" movies, Bruce is a superb mime and an uninhibited actor somewhat in the sweeping style of the Yiddish Art Theatre. He is uncannily accurate in phrasing and stance when he imitates such contemporaries as drunken advertising men, evangelists, and night-club-owning hoodlums. (Bruce's mastodon-like movements in animating the last genre are grimly funny to anyone who has had direct dealings with a Syndicate man as entrepreneur.)

Bruce becomes indignant when he reads praise in *Variety* for veteran performer Red Skelton as ". . . a true comic . . . in today's super-geared atomic world of 'sick' comics . . . his routine is simple, honest, and most of all clean."

"Yeah," says Bruce. "His routine is to do take-offs on alcoholics, spastics, and punch-drunk fighters. Nice taste."

BRUCE, HOWEVER, comes too close to one of his own parodies when he seriously—and sentimentally—talks about what Jesus might have done if He and Caryl Chessman had been contemporaries. The act is unpredictable. In one show he may include a half-dozen sharply timed bits, and later in the evening he may ramble from support of Martin Luther King to analyses of other comedians (Mike Nichols and Elaine May are the "Vic and Sade" of the younger comics; Shelley Berman is a "goyishe Sam Levenson"; and Alexander King is the "junkie Mark Twain").

In spite of his proselytizing,



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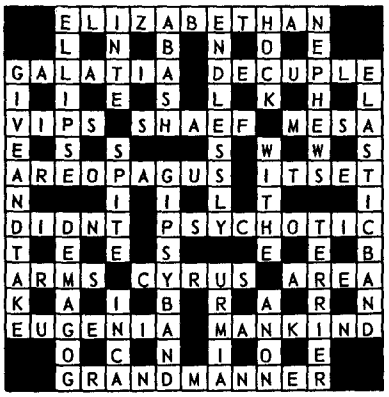

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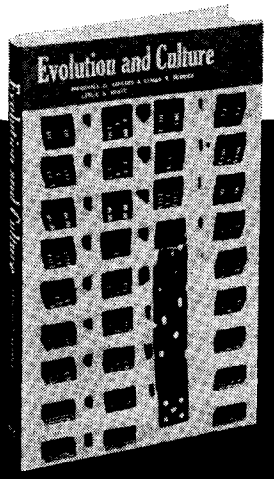

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Bruce is much more professional as a straight comic when he wants to be than any of his colleagues who specialize in topical satire. Bruce has no equal in such set pieces as a re-creation of an old prison movie with Nat Pendleton and Barton MacLane or a devastatingly accurate odyssey of a Copacabana comic who wants to play a "class" house such as the Palladium in London, and "bombs" abysmally. Bruce knows show business so intimately that his rundown of a Palladium rehearsal is as precisely detailed as a Dreiser description of how a factory operates.

Bruce uses his considerable comic talent, he points out, "to say as much as I can get away with and still make the audience laugh." In his most coruscating monologues, one of his methods might be termed verbal sleight of hand. By stringing together enough Yiddish firecrackers, jazz jargon, advanced Broadwayese, and such bits as the dissection of old movies, he reaches his audiences with his more serious assaults before they are quite aware that they themselves are also included among his targets.

Bruce is becoming increasingly successful. His three albums on the Fantasy label (*Interviews of Our Times, The Sick Humor of Lenny Bruce*, and *I Am Not a Nut, Elect Me*) sell consistently well. The question now is how far Bruce will go in further exposing his most enthusiastic audiences—the very same "first plateau liberals" he denounces—to themselves. He has only begun to operate on the ways many of them delude themselves in nearly everything from sex to a dependence on Miltown ("I'm not putting you down for it, but you're junkies too").

BOOKS

Handbook for Presidents

DOUGLASS CATER

PRESIDENTIAL POWER: THE POLITICS OF LEADERSHIP, by Richard E. Neustadt. *Wiley. $5.95.*

Amid the spate of books this year about would-be Presidents, it is not inappropriate that there should be a single small volume on the job of *being* President. Richard Neustadt, a former Truman assistant who now teaches at Columbia, describes the job as it looks to the man who holds it, not to those of us who merely observe from afar. He writes about Presidential power—how a President gets it and how he exercises it so he won't use it up.

This is, in a superior sense, a how-to-do-it book about a do-it-yourself job. The President of the United States is endowed by the Constitution with far greater responsibility than authority. He must start off by gathering the power necessary to make his office operable. He is like those high-titled functionaries whose first mandate is to raise their own salaries.

We often say that we have a government of "separated powers." What we really have, as Neustadt points out, are separated institutions *sharing* powers. As government has grown bigger and more complex, the sharing has increased apace. A President sits on top of this power structure. But his is a lonely seat. No one else in government views things from quite the same elevation. No one, even in the official family, is completely answerable to the man who sits there. Many who help plot the course of his administration are not answerable to him at all. Others have divided mandates or serve quite different constituencies. A strategically placed bureaucrat in the "Executive" departments can be as unmanageable as a recalcitrant committee chairman in Congress. At times a President must feel that he is operator of a Rube Goldberg contraption.

Neustadt is the first of the theoreticians to point out that the growth of the Presidential office has

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not automatically brought with it a corresponding growth in the powers of the man. How can a President be something more than a clerk serving those who were meant to serve him? The "commands" that a President can give with reasonable expectation that they will be carried out are remarkably limited. Consider Truman's firing of MacArthur, his seizure of the steel mills, and Eisenhower's dispatch of troops to Little Rock. All three were self-executing in the sense that the President's order was obeyed. (The Supreme Court later reversed the steel-industry seizure.) But all three were clearly Presidential acts of last resort. Whatever their necessity, they represented failure rather than success for Presidential leadership. They constituted a severe drain on the President's power.

IN CONTRAST, Neustadt lists the political ingredients that went into making the Marshall Plan a successful venture in Presidential politics. Viewed in the context of the times —Truman being otherwise engaged in bitter warfare with the Republican Eightieth Congress—it was a near-miraculous venture. It required skillful use of Presidential power plus borrowing on the power and prestige of everyone else in sight. One wonders whether it would have been possible at all except for the exceptional cast of characters—General Marshall, Senator Vandenberg, Under Secretary Acheson, the Messrs. Bevin and Bidault, as well as Truman himself.

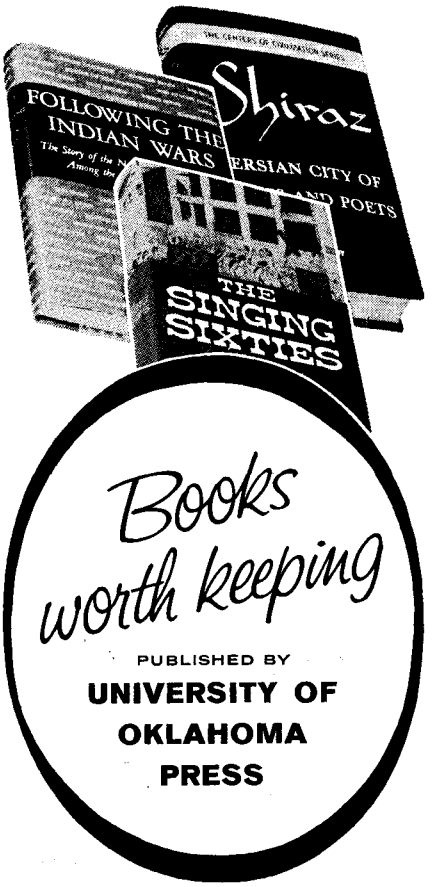
The way the Marshall Plan was launched served as a vivid illustration of a wistful remark Truman once made: "I sit here all day trying to persuade people to do the things they ought to have sense enough to do without my persuading them . . . That's all the powers of the President amount to." Of course, a President's "persuasion" can have more than ordinary force, but it depends entirely on what he contributes to it. Neustadt sums it up: "The essence of a President's persuasive task with congressmen and everybody else is to induce them to believe that what he wants of them is what their own appraisal of their own responsibilities requires them to do in their own interest, not his . . . that task is bound to be more like collective bargaining than like a reasoned argument among philosopher kings."

This view runs directly counter to a widely held belief in the United States that were it not for folly or knavery a President would need no power other than the logic of his argument. It refutes a thesis advanced by our present President when he announced for a second term: that because there had been a "public clarification" of a number of the important issues during his first term, he could safely delegate them to close associates.

A President builds or tears down his power as he makes "choices" (a more precise word than "decisions") —his choice of words that will enlighten or befuddle at his press conferences, his choice of which fires he is going to put out first, even his choice of not choosing to make a difficult choice. Neustadt provides two case studies of Presidential choices that fell in this last category —when Truman allowed MacArthur to drive unrestrainedly beyond the 38th parallel in Korea and when Eisenhower permitted Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey to hold his "hair-curling" press conference on the budget. Both led to the undermining of Presidential power. "The lesson of these cases," Neustadt writes, "is that when it comes to power, nobody is expert but the President; if he, too, acts as layman, it goes hard with him."

Neustadt's thesis is that a President must make his choices with constant awareness of his personal stakes in terms of power. This awareness, he believes, Roosevelt had always, Truman sometimes, Eisenhower hardly ever.

IN THIS UNIQUE and important book, Neustadt argues with almost Machiavellian incisiveness that the princely states of American government can be made workable only by a shrewd and power-conscious President. The decade ahead will be comprised of a "snarly sort of politics" with unstable parties and unruly issues. "The issues of the Sixties will be fought out in a system that keeps Presidents uniquely placed and gives them no assurance of sustained support." The Presidency will be no place for political amateurs.



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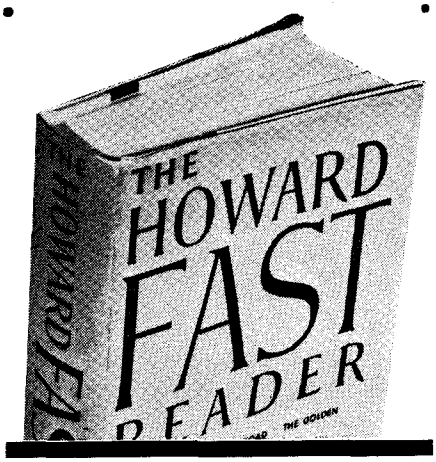

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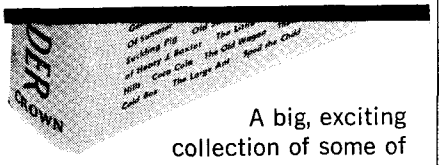

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A Patriot Without Illusions

KENNETH S. LYNN

THE LETTERS AND JOURNALS OF JAMES FENIMORE COOPER. Edited by James F. Beard. 2 Vols. *The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press. $20.*

When Cooper died in 1851, Melville said of him that "he was a great, robust-souled man, all of whose merits are not seen. . . . But a grateful posterity will take the best care of Fenimore Cooper." Seldom has a literary prophecy gone further awry.

Our trouble is that when we remember Cooper we do not recall the long and heroic career that stirred the imaginations of his contemporaries. We remember rather an image that was created long after Cooper's death by two brilliant writers who were interested more in asserting their own literary credos than in taking the best care of Fenimore Cooper. "Fenimore Cooper's Literary Offenses" is one of Mark Twain's most perfectly executed performances, at once marvelously funny and utterly devastating. Twain was out to destroy romanticism as a literary ideal, and his method of attack was to make its leading American practitioner into a laughingstock. D. H. Lawrence's chapters on Cooper in his *Studies in Classic American Literature* are the most compelling in a memorable book. By way of calling for a literature that would give expression to the "voice of the blood," Lawrence hailed Cooper for the unconscious genius of his mythmaking. What these two very different essays have in common is that they both deny that Cooper had a mind and that he practiced a conscious artistry.

TO SHOW US the grandeur and the complexity of Cooper's mind, to rid us of the brilliant misreadings of Twain and Lawrence, to bring us back into contact with an intellect and an imagination that America once worshiped—and despised—with a truly startling intensity, is the purpose of Mr. Beard's definitive edition of Cooper's letters and journals. Two volumes have just now been published, and we are promised two more; eventually, Mr. Beard will also publish a critical biography of Cooper that will take into account not only the great array of his published work but many unpublished materials as well.

Like Jefferson, Cooper had the far-ranging intellectual tastes of the eighteenth-century mind. Books on politics, religion, agriculture, history, philosophy, and the law engaged him; he was widely read in English literature; his scholarly researches into the history of tariff restrictions, naval history, and Arctic exploration made him a recognized authority in these fields. The legend that Cooper began to write fiction more or less accidentally ignores the fact that he regarded his intellectual gifts as constituting a social obligation. He became a novelist because he believed that "books are, in great measure, the instruments of controlling the opinion of a nation like ours." Like Emerson, he wished to raise the moral and aesthetic quality of a democratic civilization by increasing the knowledge and refining the sensibilities of his audience.

By and large, the early Cooper was pleased with the nature of American society. All that needed to be done was for someone to "rouse the sleeping talents of the nation." The most fascinating thing about these two volumes of the letters—which follow Cooper's career up to the beginning of the second administration of Andrew Jackson—is their revelation of Cooper's gradual disenchantment with his early ideas and his reluctant recognition of the fact that the American dream was somehow turning into a nightmare. American institutions were the best in the world, yet day by day we were losing control of them through our failure to assume the moral responsibility required to maintain them. When Cooper began to speak his mind on the subject, he was greeted with the sort of public vilification that reminds one of the treatment accorded Lincoln during the Civil War.

One of the factors responsible for the wholesale assault upon him was that he sought no allies in his battle. With relentless honesty he attacked

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the conduct of both political parties, excoriating in one breath the "fulsome, false and meretricious eulogiums" of the Whigs and in the next the "useless and unmanly complaints" of the Democrats. Another factor was that his critiques were daringly new, as for example when he suggested in a brilliant article written for the *United States Magazine and Democratic Review* that the Executive arm of the Federal government should be strengthened (the article was rejected by the magazine's Jacksonian editor), or when he analyzed, with a penetration worthy of Veblen, the ways in which the universal scramble for money was debasing governmental functions, trampling on minority rights, and vulgarizing cultural values.

THROUGH all the years of his disillusionment, Cooper maintained a stout patriotism. His letters from Europe in the late 1820's and early 1830's show a man who was too sophisticated to give way to the "show me" smartiness of Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad,* yet who was too honest, too independent, too intensely American to surrender to European ways and attitudes. Because Cooper was celebrated in Europe as *"le grand écrivain américain,"* he had entree everywhere, so that this tough New World mind encountered the best that the Old World had to offer. Not until Henry James would an American writer register more perceptively the moral nature of European society than Cooper does in his letters of this period. He smelled the blood in the streets, as James would also, and his accounts of the glittering social life of a *grand écrivain* are pervaded by his awareness of the cruel struggle that the European aristocracy was waging to keep itself in power, and of the folly of monarchy, and of its certain doom. That these opinions, when spread before the world in books, earned him the abuse of European journalists is understandable. That they also brought down on his head renewed attacks from his own countrymen, who censured him for his lack of patriotism in concerning himself with European affairs, is the ironic note on which these volumes of Mr. Beard's monumental project close.

she sleeps on the earthen floor

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The Wild Blue Yonder

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

MEMOIRS OF WORLD WAR I, by Brigadier-General William Mitchell. *Random House. $4.95.*

In July, 1917, with General Pershing established in Paris and the American First Division ashore at St. Nazaire, the American Air Force, General Mitchell writes, "consisted of one Nieuport airplane which I used myself and that was all." His reports on the morning of November 11, 1918, showed that "we had present on the front, in the hands of American units, 740 airplanes. Of these 528 were of French manufacture, 16 were of British manufacture and 196 of American manufacture. One year and eight months after entering the war, the United States had only been able to put 196 airplanes on the front. We did practically all our fighting with foreign machines, the airplanes manufactured in America being inferior." American air units did not enter into combat until March, 1918; before the end of the war they had shot down 927 enemy airplanes or balloons and had lost 316 airplanes or balloons. They had done very well.

"Billy" Mitchell came into France from Spain the day we entered the war. He observed at once that the French were depressed. He knew why. Since 1914 they had borne the brunt of a war in which tenacious defense alternated with ruinous efforts to break through the enemy front. "This was not an interesting war for the troops on the ground," he was soon to remark. On April 30, 1917, he was watching the fighting: "There were at least four thousand men deployed from each of the seven [French] divisions attacking, and . . . about fourteen thousand were killed or wounded that afternoon while I watched, with the number constantly increasing as the evening wore away. In spite of the tremendous showing the artillery made, the fire had not been sufficient. . . . a piece-meal affair. . . ." Mitchell saw what the French, the British, and the Germans had already seen: the value of aviation. He spoke some French; he liked the French; he admired their endurance and he believed them when they told him that it must finally come to an end. He set to work building up an air force. Washington was busy with plans—the Liberty engine—for a massive and distant future use; for some time Pershing thought that air power might be a nice thing to have but that artillery and foot soldiers were what generals had always had—the more of both the better. In his diary, rewritten in the 1920's and now posthumously published in full, Mitchell gives the impression that he alone wanted planes, that he alone saw that they must be under autonomous command: it was an idea that he was never to abandon, and the

polemic he started then still rages. The fact is that he brilliantly commanded our aviation at the front and that probably there would have been even less of it to command had he not raised such a row.

THERE IS a strange perspective to what he writes; it is hard for us to realize how much the Mexican troubles and the Philippines were still in the Army mind. In his impatience with non-fliers, who seemed to him to be all over the place at Chaumont GHQ, he writes: "It was bad enough having this crowd down in Paris but to bring them up near the line was worse. It reminded me of a story told of old Major Hunter of the Cavalry, when General Otis, in command of the Philippines, had taken him to task for not accomplishing more. Major Hunter replied that he had two hundred men who had never seen a horse, two hundred horses that had never seen a man and twenty-five officers who had never seen either. This was the state of the entourage with which General Foulois had surrounded himself." General Mitchell appears to think that the Germans shared our professional memories; but perhaps what he says of Pershing's arrival indicates malice rather than naïveté: "The news was well broadcast; it was supposed to have a dampening effect on the German morale to know that the hero of our American-Mexican frontier had now arrived in Europe to settle the dispute between the French and Germans." In another passage on Pershing he shows "Black Jack" in an unexpectedly emotional performance. The general and his entourage were visiting Napoleon's tomb: "When we stopped to look at Napoleon's sword, the guardian took it out of its case and held it out to General Pershing, thinking he would take it in his hand; but instead, without touching it, General Pershing bent forward and kissed it. This action made a profound impression on everyone present, on us even more than on the French." And so on—with the inevitable mention of good deeds accomplished by French ladies of the aristocracy together with those of Miss Elsie de Wolfe and Miss Morgan. At the armistice General Mitchell drove, in "my largest automobile," to Paris, where he was acclaimed "from one end of the boulevards to the other."

THAT WAR of General Mitchell's, that most dreadfully protracted agony which held so fallacious a prospect of enduring peace, could not be described in any enduring sense by a man intent, legitimately, on the techniques by which it could be won. It was only when the conquered and the victors could look back upon the war that its disaster became assessable. Barbusse and Louis Guilloux for the French, Remarque for the Germans, Ford Madox Ford for the British, and perhaps greatest of all—after still another war—William Faulkner for us, looked back on man's passion, but in no spirit of tranquillity.

General Mitchell provides today's reader with a moment of irony: "Fighting on the ground and on the water had gone on since the beginning of time, but fighting in the air had just started; and several generations will have to be born and pass away before people can adopt and maintain the same attitude toward this form of warfare as they exhibit toward the old familiar ones."

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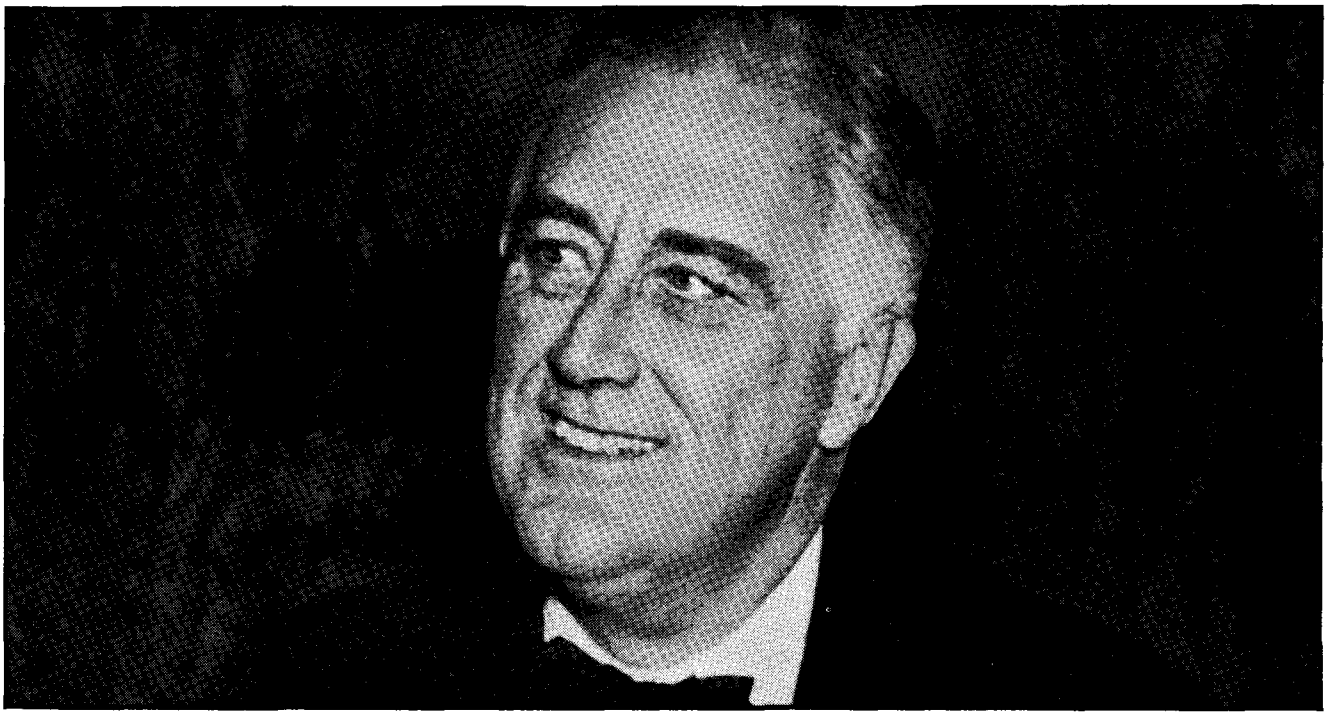

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